THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 20 – E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, APRIL 10th ,1928.

The colour and exquisite flavour of "SALADA" Green Tea are natural—Only the process of curing is different from Black Tea—Both are equally pure—"SALADA" Green Tea is sealed in air-tight aluminum—fresh—delicious—satisfying—35c per ½-lb. at all grocers. Ask for this tea.

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Weekly Display of

French and American Trimmed Hats

Including copies of these models and exclusive designs from our own work room.

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in Crepe de Chene and Georgette, printed designs, three cornered and squares.

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The Leading Millinery House

Easter Toggery

New Ready-to-Wear Suits and Top Coats.
New Hats, Caps and Shoes
New Shirts, Collars and Ties
New Spring Suits & Top Coats
Tailored to your measure
—at—
$19.75 and up to $45

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

FARM FOR SALE

A good tillable farm of 145 acres, well watered, good buildings, convenient to school, cheese factory and church. Two miles from Napanee, known as the Mooney farm, situated on Hamburg road. A quick sale for cash. Apply to DAN MOONEY, on premises. R. R. 2. Tel. 69-ring 51. 18-bp

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Bulk Sales Act.

All persons having claims against GRANT L. PAUL carrying on business as PAUL'S BOOKSTORE in the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, are required to send same, verified by affidavit, to Uriah Morley Wilson, of the said Town of Napanee, Solicitor, on or before the 1st day of May, A.D., 1928.

The said business has been sold and proceeds of the sale will be divided after the said date amongst those creditors whose claims have been filed.

Dated at Napanee, Ontario, March 23rd, 1928.

U. M. WILSON,
Trustee.

18-d

FOR SALE—One high-grade used piano, good value. Inquire at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

FOR SALE — White Blossom Sweet Clover, Government tested, no foul seed. Apply to MRS. W. G. SCHELL, Bath, or 'phone Napanee, 153-r-22. 20-b

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE 37-tf

FOR SALE — Desirable frome house, 8 rooms, large garden, furnace, electric light, water, garage, fruit trees and bushes. Apply on premises, Centre street. D. J. GREEN. 13-tf

MONEY—Somebody lost money in the County of Hastings. If they will advertise it in this paper and in the Deseronto Post, when and where, and how much they lost, they might recover it 15-dp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exhange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

WANTED TO BUY—Old furniture over fifty years old, by private buyer interested in antiques, also old china, glass, silver and needlework. Those having any of the above, write DRAWER 180, Napanee. Replies strictly confidential. 18-cp

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil. Picton Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

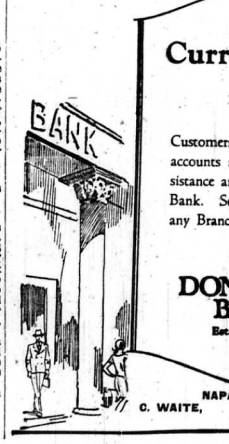
NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that opened portion of Water Street, situate between Church and Mill Streets, in the Village of Tamworth, Township of Sheffield, in the County of Lennox and Addington, to be exchanged with A. B. Carscallen in lieu for a road allowance running diagonally across Block N, connecting Mill Street with Bridge Street, at the western approach to the bridge.

JOHN E. PARKS,
Clerk.

20-d

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43



Current Accounts

Customers carrying business accounts are given every assistance and attention at this Bank. See the Manager at any Branch.

THE DOMINION BANK
Established 1871

C. WAITE, Manager.
NAPANEE BRANCH

CLOSING EXERCISES EVENING VOCATIONAL CLASSES

The Evening Vocational Classes, which have been in operation at the Collegiate Institute for the last six months, were brought to a very pleasing conclusion Tuesday evening by the Closing Exercises in the Collegiate Assembly Room. Practically all of the students were present, along with a number of their friends. The classes had arranged an exhibition of Showcard Writing, Furniture Drafting, Dressmaking and Bookkeeping, which demonstrated the excellent work which had been done during the term.

At eight o'clock, Principal Beattie called the meeting together and after a few remarks on the history of the Evening Classes and the splendid showing made by the students, called upon Mr. Alpine Woods, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, to present the diplomas for the year. Mr. Woods pointed out that, due to the generous assistance of the Department of Education, the cases this winter had cost the town less than $400. It was the intention to continue the classes another year in as many subjects as the attendance would warrant.

Mr. Roy Rose presented the medals won in Typewriting, and Mr. U. M. Wilson presented the cups. On behalf of the teaching staff, Mr. J. H. Moffat spoke of the pleasure it had been to teach the enthusiastic classes this year, and Mr. F. W. Knapp expressed the appreciation of the students for the opportunity offered for additional education.

The results of the attendance at the classes during the six months are as follows :

Class	Instructor	Aver. attend. per evening	Attended over 80%	
Bookkeeping	L. S. Beattie	34	25	7
English	H. Grange	11	7	4
Dressmaking	Miss L. VanAlstyne	13	7	8
Furniture Drafting	J. H. Moffatt	7	3	5
Mathematics	J. L. Murray	13	10	5
Showcard Writing	C. L. Graham	7	2	5
Stenography	Miss C. A. Shoemaker	18	13	5
Typewriting	Miss M. Paul	32	27	5
Total		138	78	

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

I have interviewed a number of citizens and find some are very much in favor of Daylight Saving Time and others are not. To get a fair estimate for and against it, I think those who are sufficiently interested in this subject will take the trouble to address a postcard to the Mayor, stating they are, or are not, in favor of Daylight Saving Time. The number of cards received will be taken as a basis for my report to the Council.

E. J. ROY, Mayor.

COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

Notice of Registration of By-Law No. 509

Notice is hereby given that a by-law was passed by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 23rd day of March, 1928, providing for the negotiation of an advance by the Dominion Bank to the amount of $130,000.00 for the purpose of meeting the expenditures for the construction and the maintenance of highways forming part of the County Road System of the County during the year 1928, under Highway Improvement Act, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, Chapter 54, and that such by-law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 30th day of March, 1928, as No. 93. Any motion to quash, or set aside, the same, or any part thereof, must be made within three months after the first publication of this notice and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 31st day of March, 1928.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

19-d

McGreer's Phone 226

Cash and Service Grocery

Dundas St. Napanee

Watch our Weekly Specials

That Little Store that Sells a Little Cheaper.

W. ROY McGREER

POULTRY ASSOCIATION

The regular meeting of the Napanee Poultry Association was held in the Agriculture Hall, on Monday, April 2nd.

Arrangements were completed to again assist with the Poultry exhibit at the Lennox Fair, which this year will be held on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th of August. An Exhibition Committee was appointed, consisting of the following members : President, Capt. A. S. Hughson, members, Ray Perry, Morven ; Arthur Rooks, Richmond ; R. G. Gilbride, Jack Hayes and Wm. Richardson, Napanee.

A grant of fifty dollars to the Lennox Fair from the Poultry Association for special prizes in poultry was granted. Also the committee was authorized to purchase one hundred standard steel coops, these with those already in possession of the directors of the Fair, will enable an exhibit of a thousand birds, making the poultry department one of the largest shows of its class in Ontario, if not in Canada. In order to meet this large increase, the Fair directors are building an addition of some fifty feet to the present poultry building. Besides the special grant mentioned above, friends of the Poultry Association are generously contributing also, so it is up to every person, both in the town and county, to do all in their power to make this exhibit a success. In the first place, all can boost (don't knock). You have as good a poultry country as there is, also you have as good birds as found anywhere, so don't hesitate to let the people know it. White about it when you correspond with friends, bring them here Fair week to see our poultry. To the residents of Lennox and Addington bring your birds in and show them, if you all don't win prizes this year, you will at least learn where you fail and by correcting these faults, next year you will, thanks to your experience, do better, thus making a name for your flocks, then you can get into the market for selling eggs for setting and day old chicks. It is needless to point out that there is more money in this than selling to the dealers.

The Poultry Committee makes the request, for all to get behind our Fair Directors and show we are second to none.

DESERONTO.

The Rural Deanery of Lennox and Addington will meet in St. Mark's church on Thursday next, April 12th. At 3.30 a.m., Holy Communion will be celebrated. Dinner will be served at the Arlington Hotel at noon for the visiting clergy and laymen. At the afternoon meeting at two o'clock, Right Rev. Dr. Seager, Bishop of Ontario, will address those present, and Rev. Mr. Dumbrille, Vicar of Napanee.

Arthur Malley, of Belleville, spent Easter with his mother, Mrs. W. A. Malley.

Mr. Clarke, manager of the Standard Bank, and Mrs. Clarke, motored to Ottawa on Friday. They were accompanied by F. C. Stratton, of Belleville.

Edward Bruyea, Toronto, spent Easter in town.

Leo Howard, Oshawa, spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard.

Charles Ready and daughter, Reita, Toronto, spent Easter in town.

Miss Frances Ready, of Corkery, spent Easter at her home here.

R. E. Goodrich, Montreal, spent Easter with Mrs. Goodrich.

John Burns, of Markham, spent Easter with his family.

Mrs. John Berry, a highly respected citizen of Deseronto, passed away at Capreol on Thursday. The remains were brought to Deseronto for interment and the funeral service took place on Sunday.

Howard Bell is the guest of his parents for the Easter holidays.

Mr. J. Hodgson and two children, of Shawinigan Falls, Que., are the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. St. Louis, for Easter.

Miss Helena Naphin, Kingston, and James Naphin, of Napanee, spent Easter at their home here.

M. B. Rixen, of the staff of the Bank of Montreal, Napanee, spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rixen.

Miss Mary Collier, of Toronto, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. M. J. McFaul.

Mrs. Walter Wilson and daughters, Toronto, are guests of Deputy Minister of Highways relating that assistance to the extent of 50 per cent. on construction and maintenance would be given, boat to be owned and operated by said township.

With the amount of money to be expended, the project would seem quite feasible. At a special meeting of the council Mr. Miller who, since entering public life has been a strong advocate of a ferry service, stated that there had been much up-hill work, but that the top had been reached and they were on the home stretch. After much discussion a motion was passed selecting a group of men, gathered from all parts of the township, to act with the council as an advisory board.

It is not definitely known what the result will be, but the motto of these two groups should be "now or never"

The firemen had a call to a grass fire on Water street on Tuesday afternoon about 2 p.m.

DESERONTO ROAD.

A fair representation of prospective buyers went to Belleville last Wednesday, 4th inst., to attend the annual sale of Holstein cattle at Hotel Belvedere. Prices were high, and as some remarked, out of sight, the only buyer from this road being Mr. Walter Cranston.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Breault, of Wesley, spent a couple of days visiting their cousins, Mrs. Harold McCaul and Mrs. Percy Vanvlack.

Work on the land has already commenced, several farmers started on Thursday cultivating and plowing and from all accounts are a little ahead of last year.

The maple syrup season will be a short one, the flow of sap has been poor, and the buds have already started on soft maples, indicating a speedy close of the syrup business for 1928.

The ice has almost entirely gone from the Napanee River, but the ice bridge connecting Deseronto with North Fredericksburgh is still there, although unsafe for crossing.

Mr. Claude Alkenbrack, who has been sawing wood for the neighbours and others on the street for the last month, has completed all the jobs for this spring and has given good satisfaction to all.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

The farmers are busy tapping their maples. They report a fairly good run of sap.

The roads are now in good condition for driving cars.

Mr. Thomas Bradford, who had the misfortune to cut his foot while splitting wood, has been laid up for a few days.

Mrs. Nobie Ellerbeck is visiting her sister, Mrs. Richard Ellerbeck at Moscow.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clyde, Cataraqui, spent Sunday at M. E. Ellerbeck's.

Mrs. Hamilton, Yarker, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. Ashley, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Millikin, Sharbot Lake, are at present in Watson's.

Rev. Ball, Harrowsmith, visited at C. Sigsworth's recently.

Miss Aleata McHoney, Sydenham, spent the week-end with Miss Velma Ellerbeck .

Mrs. Clarence Ellerbeck spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walker, Sydenham.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hughes spent Sunday at A. Cowdy's, Murvale.

Miss Dorothy Willard, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. Ellerbeck for some time, has returned to her home on Amherst Island.

Mr. D. Yeomans and son, Earle, of Harrowsmith, visited at E. Hughes' recently.

Mr. Thos. A. Watson lost five cows as a result of the severe electric storm which passed over here early Tuesday morning last.

STELLA.

The wide-spread advertising of this part of the Province as a centre of attraction for the tourist traffic may in he near future turn to a little spot of land a few distances south of Bath, in the Bay of Quinte, and which is the extreme southern portion of the county of Lennox and Addington, called Amherst Island, or in days of yore, Isle Tanti. From time to time much has appeared through the medium of the press for and against a ferry for Amherst Island citizens. Would a suitably constructed, economically operated boat not prove a lasting benefit to everyone ?

In recent years through the strong efforts of E. J. Sexsmith, ex-member of the Legislature and other interested parties, a wharf was constructed at Millhaven, according to specifications by the Dominion Government. Next on the program was the obtaining of some craft to transport the inhibitants and their produce across the Bay of Quinte, a distance of some three miles. It fell to the lot of Samuel Miller, then reeve of the township, to start the ball rolling. Mr. Miller, after due consideration, felt it the duty of the Provincial Government to assist in the work and co-operating with his colleagues in the county council and such able counsel as the late Anthony M. Rankin, whose sudden passing we deeply regretful by many residents, and now W. D. Black, now speaker in the House of Commons, a bill was finally introduced in Parliament—Re Assistance re Transportation to Isolated Points. The bill has been passed. Only recently a message was forwarded from the Department of Highways relating that assistance to the extent of 50 per cent. on construction and maintenance would be given, boat to be owned and operated by said township.

With the amount of money to be expended, the project would seem quite feasible. At a special meeting of the council Mr. Miller who, since entering public life has been a strong advocate of a ferry service, stated that there had been much up-hill work, but that the top had been reached and they were on the home stretch. After much discussion a motion was passed selecting a group of men, gathered from all parts of the township, to act with the council as an advisory board.

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Beautify your Home.

Use Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes. Wall paints, floor paints, also brushing Lacquers, dries in 30 minutes. A complete stock of colors in all lines. Brushes, oils and glass. Prompt deliveries. 'Phone 138.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

SEEN FROM THE SIDELINES

There has been some argument in the town lately about the advantages of Daylight Saving for the summer, for there is a strong possibility that it will be adopted here.

The Sideliner has often wondered why there should be so much controversy on such a subject as this. It is a scheme which cannot possibly hurt anyone. The hour which is lost in the spring is regained in the fall, and no one is the worse for that. The farmers who always arise with the sun cannot possibly be cheated out of the hour's work, and they do not even have to alter the clock if they do not wish.

But for the workers in the town it is indeed a fine idea. All the larger cities seem to find it working satisfactorily, for it gives give an extra hour of daylight and fresh air to those who otherwise would be in the factories and shops. The golfers can get in an extra nine holes every evening, and the softball games which are played after supper would be able to go the full nine innings every time, instead of being called on account of darkness at about the seventh inning, as was necessary so often last season. The motorist can have a longer or a slower trip, as he prefers, the amateur gardener will have more time to hoe his corn The swimmer will have plenty of time for his dip, and those who enjoy boating will enjoy an extra sixty minutes.

The summer weather is so pleasant to look forward to that an opportunity for us to get an extra hundred hours of it out of doors should not be passed up. Let's tell the Council what we think of it. Daylight saving should be worth two cents to everyone. Let us all take a post card and tell the Mayor our views on the subject. If enough of us want it, we will get it, but the Council will never know our desires unless we take some such means of expressing them.

Once again the Town Basketball Team met the Royals last Wednesday evening, this time in the Collegiate Gymnasium, and once again the Royals emerged victorious. This new team is going better in each appearance, and their work on Wednesday night was a treat to watch. Their shooing was far more accurate than it has been before, and some of the baskets from the centre of the floor being really spectacular.

The Town put its strongest line-up into action, and during the first period made tremendous efforts to gain a big lead. The Royals were therefore content to let them exhaust themselves, and played a defensive game. Even so, they were five points ahead of the Town at the end of the period. After the interval they assumed the offensive, and their accurate passing and shooting gave the Town no chance. The final score was 33-18 for the Royals, and that score just about shows the difference in the teams. McFadden and Wartman stood out for the town, while Ballard, Daverin and Black were very effective for the Royals.

The unfortunate incident which has been so much discussed, occurred during the last period, when one of the Town players momentarily lost his temper and struck an opposing player. Luckily the other player was able to keep his head, and the incident passed off quickly enough, but it is to be hoped that further exhibitions of rowdyism will be confined to the prize ring. The same sort of thing has killed other sports before this, and it would be a pity to see a good game Basketball, which is just gaining a footing here, injured by rough play.

The teams were :

Town — Alkenbrack, Murray, McDonald, Wartman, McFadden and Coates.

Royals—Reid, Ballard, Stewart, Black, Daverin, Cavanaugh and Perry.

WILTON.

The roads are in a very bad condition at present. A number of cars are being pulled out in the worst places.

Mr. Gordon Clarke was removed to the Kingston General Hospital on Tuesday last for appendicitis.

Mrs. R. Storms has sold her store and residence to Mr. R. Jackson, Cole Lake, who took possession on April 1st.

Rev. and Mrs. Moffett motored to Brantford on Monday last. Mrs. Moffett is spending a month with friends.

The "Challenge of the Cross" was presented in the United Church on Friday evening, under the auspices of the W.M.S. A large crowd attended and a very beautiful program was given. All the ladies who took part deserve much credit for their efforts.

Miss A. Fulton is spending her holidays at her home in Belleville

Mrs. Sperry Shibley has returned home after spending a few days in Toronto with friends.

COMING :-: EVENTS

THE THREE ACT COMEDY, "Slickers," will be presented in St. Mary Magdalene school room on Thursday evening, April 26th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

THE all-important details that contribute so much to motor-car luxury . . .

. . . touches of refinement, beauty and distinction . . .

. . . you will find them in the New Series Pontiac Six.

From the smooth, powerful Pontiac Six engine to the rich, exquisite finishing of the Pontiac-Fisher bodies, you will discover in the New Series Pontiac Six, more direct evidences of superb quality than you ever dreamed possible at Pontiac's amazingly low prices.

Prove to yourself the luxury of this low-priced, quality six.

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Ask your dealer about the G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan which makes buying easy.

LOVEJOY SHOCK ABSORBERS

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

The New Series

PONTIAC SIX

ROBT. McFARLAND,

Dealer, - Napanee, Ont.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

Here and There

(49)

Quebec.—Quebec is taking advantage of the Federal legislation of last year known as the Canadian Farm Loan Act, which provides for loans to pioneers whereby the Federal Government provides 90% of the money, the province 5%, and the borrower himself the remaining 5%.

This years largest inflow of settlers destined for the west recently arrived on two of the liners of the Canadian Pacific fleet. There were 1084 on the Montclare and 800 on the Melita, the majority being of British birth, thereby establishing a record for any individual ship docking at the Maritime Province ports this year.

A recent revision of the Customs regulations now enables tourists to bring their sporting equipment or cameras into Canada without leaving a deposit on account of their dutiable value with the Canadian Customs officers at the border. At the present time the change in the regulations will effect particularly the Pacific Coast, where golf and spring sports are in full swing.

Vancouver.—Over 100 miles of trackage serving the ports of the Vancouver district will shortly have been laid by the Canadian Pacific Railway, according to a statement issued by the general superintendent of the district. The trackage is designed to take care of a steady and normal growth in trade through Vancouver and also to handle expansion in westward grain movement which this year has reached the record of 53,000,000 bushels.

John Walter, co-proprietor of the London Times with Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, arrived in Montreal lately where he addressed a gathering under the auspices of the National Council of Education. Mr. Walter is covering the Dominion over Canadian Pacific Railway lines and will make addresses in most of the larger cities. He is the fifth member of the family, being a direct descendant of the famous John Walter, to be guide of this newspaper since 1785.

On a long trip from Ontario to Brussels, Belgium, forty muskrats lately left Canada aboard the C. P. S. S. Marburn bound for Antwerp. The final destination of these animals is a farm near Brussels where they will form the nucleus of a muskrat farm. While handled by the Canadian Pacific Express Company during the entire voyage, the animals were fed two ounces of oats and four ounces of carrots daily with water once every two days.

Saskatoon.—"I believe I have found a wheat which, when further developed, will be greatly rust-resistant", said Dr. Seager Wheeler, several times winner of the International wheat award. He went on to explain that although he was quite sure that this new type which he developed from the kkota strain would protect crops in the province from rust damage, he did not think that the wheat would be absolutely free from rust under all conditions. However, he considered from the results of his experiments that even under the worst conditions, such as those of 1927, this wheat would never materially be damaged.

AFTER HARVEST CULTIVATION OF HOED-CROP GROUND FOR GRAIN

(Experimental Farms Note)

The yield of grain in Eastern Canada, and especially in the Maritime Provinces, depends to a great extent upon the time of seeding in the Spring. In other words, the earlier the ground can be prepared and the seed sown, the better are the chances for a good crop.

The cost of production is also a big factor in successful grain production and the lower this is, without sacrificing returns, the more successful is the farmer. An experiment has been under way for five years at the Nappan Experimental Farm, testing different cultivation methods of sunflower ground for oats. The five year average yield of grain on the plots plowed shallow in the spring, is 63.3 bushels. Plots which were disked in the spring (not plowed) gave an average yield of 69.6 bushels, or 6.3 bushels more grain at a much lower cost. None of these plots received any autumn treatment. Plots which were plowed in the fall gave a yield of 63.5 bushels and others, ribbed in autumn, 63.8 bushels. From these data we see that the cheapest and quickest preparation of a seed bed gave considerably higher yields than did the more expensive and slower methods usually followed by the farmers in Eastern Canada.

On land that is very weedy or grassy, it is advisable to plow before the grain crop, in the fall, if possible, for this enables quicker preparation in the spring for seeding, but on fairly clean land, the practice followed at Nappan, the one recommended, is to work up a seed bed about three inches deep with the disk-harrow and get the seed into the ground just as quickly as possible after the land is ready to work.

This method is practiced on turnip, corn and potato ground, as well as on sunflower stubble, and good results are being obtained.

—o—

Reforestation.

Within a few years there will be an annual reforestation of twice as many trees as are cut in Quebec, said Gustave G. Piche, chief of the Quebec Forestry Service, when asked as to plans. He said that it was hoped this year to plant some 3,000,000 saplings in the forest of the province. Last year 1,600,000 were planted.

Hairpins.

Hairpin-making is on the down grade, the output in Britain having fallen from 47,000 cwt., worth £157,000, in 1913, to 11,000 cwt., worth £60,000, in 1926.

Nearly Million Motors In Canada.

Over 960,000 motor vehicles were registered in Canada in 1927.

—o—

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. tfc.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL. (Editor of The Sunday School Times).

TRANSFIGURATION AND SERVICE.

Sunday, April 15.—Mark 9 : 2-29.

Golden Text—He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing. (John 15 : 5.)

The transfiguration of Christ was a scene in advance, as it were, from "the Kingdom of God with power." After the great confession of Peter, that Christ was the Son of the living God, and after Christ's immediate foreteling of the necessity of His coming death and resurrection, He said to His disciples : "There be some of them that stand here which shall not taste of death till they have seen the Kingdom of God come with power." Then follows the account of the transfiguration, and the connection of this prediction with the transfiguration leaves us in no doubt that the on fulfills the other.

Why were Peter and James and John given the special privilege, unique among the disciples and among all mankind, of seeing the Son of God transfigured? The Bible does not tell us why, therefore we cannot know. But we do know, from the inspired history throughout the Scriptures, that it has always been God's method to single out individuals for special manifestations of His grace and power. And always, when He thus favors any individual, it is in order that many others may be blessed through that one's special privilege.

From various Scripture passages we know that "a mountain," in Scripture symbolism, means a kingdom." The Lord led the three disciples "up into an high mountain apart by themselves." Many believe that this was Mount Hermon, one of the highest in the Lebanon range, not so far from Caesarea Philippi.

In what did the transfiguring of Christ consist? Matthew 17 : 2 tells us that "His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light." Luke (9:29) tells us that "the fashion of His countenance was altered." Mark says : "His raiment became shining, exceedingly white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them." From Matthew's statement it may have been that the glistening whiteness of our Lord's raiment was caused by the light that streamed from His person, literally bleaching the garments as no human process could accomplish this.

This was like the Kingdom of God coming with power and we should read with it the description of Christ as He gave John, 60 years later, the revelation, or unveiling, of His coming Kingdom; see Revelation 1 : 13-16, 19; 14-16.

It was an overpowering experience for any human being in this life. Luke tells us that the disciples were "heavy with sleep"; Matthew and Mark tell of the fear that came upon them. If this was the effect upon those who loved and worshipped the Lord, what will be the effect upon men who have lived in open rebellion against Him, when the Lord comes in power to establish His Kingdom on earth?

There appeared with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration the two mighty prophets of the old dispensation, Moses and Elijah (Elias). Dr. Scofield writes :

"The transfiguration scene contains, in miniature, all the elements of the future Kingdom in manifestation : (1) The Lord, not in humiliation, but in glory. (2) Moses, glorified, representative of the redeemed who have passed through death into the Kingdom (Matt. 13 :43 ; cf. Luke 9:30-31). (3) Elijah, glorified, representative of the redeemed who have entered the Kingdom by translation (I. Cor. 15 : 50-53 ; I. Thes. 4 : 14-17). (4) Peter, James and John, not glorified representatives (for the moment) of Israël in the flesh in the future Kingdom (Ezek. 37 : 24-27). (5) The multitude at the foot of the mountain (v. 14), representatives of the nations who are to be brought into the Kingdom after it has been established over Israel (Isa. 11 : 10-12, etc.)".

Luke gives us a striking fact : the two Old Testament prophets were talking with the Lord about "His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." The theme of greatest interest to Him and to them was His death. They knew, evidently, that He left Heaven and came to earth, not to reveal God to men," as so many are telling us, not to show men how they ought to live—of course He did both these things in His life on earth—but to die here. And His death was His own accomplishment ; not something that men did to Him, but something that He brought o pass (Acs 2 : 23) That is the testimony of the transfigured Christ.

Peter made one of his characteristic blunders, talking impulsively and without knowing what to say (Mark 9 : 6). It is a sad mistake for us to propose our plans to God when He has something to say to us. And Peter actually, though unconsciously, dishonored Christ as he said : "Let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." Moses and Elijah are not on a par with Christ. What may do for them will not do for Him. He is to be worshipped, but not served.

Then God spoke : "This is My beloved Son : hear Him." It was a loving but unmistakably clear rebuke. Do not tell Christ what what to do ; let Him tell you what to do. Peter was a long while learning this lesson, but he learned it. Thirty years later it was a transformed Peter who wrote, humbly and in the power of the Holy Spirit, of his experience that day on the Mount of Transfiguration (II. Peter, 1 : 14-18).

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY IMPROVEMENTS

Ottawa, Ont., March 27.—Important additions and betterments to the Canadian National Railway System, amounting to approximately $25,000,000, are to be carried out in 1928. This work is provided for in the estimates tabled today in the House of Commons by the Hon. Charles A. Dunning, Minister of Railways and Canals.

The net financial and capital requirements of the Railway for the year 1928 are placed at $39,000,000 exclusive of the Eastern Lines separated for purposes of the Maritime Freight Rate Act. These requirements, however, include provision for sinking funds, principal payments, interest, etc. There is an increase in the Railway estimates of 1928 as compared with 1927 of $16,500,000, but this is largely due to the fact that the estimates presened to he House in 1927 covered only a period of nine months, whereas the present estimates are for a full calendar year.

Of the $25,000,000 of capital expenditure planned, approximately $19,000,000 will be spent on general betterments to the physical property of the railroad. The System is to purchase 150,000 tons of new rail, at a cost of $9,000,000, and of this $2,000,000 is chargeable to capital account. During 1928 a total of 1065 track miles of new rail of heavy standard is to be provided. This new rail will be laid on the Atlantic, Central and Western Regions, also on the Grand Trunk Western Lines. The longest stretch of new rail will be on the main line between Melville and Edmonton, where 175 miles of new one hundred pound rail will be laid. In all there will be 297 more miles of rail programme in 1928 than in 1927.

The Railway Management states that to produce operating economies, heavier freight locomotives with large tonnage trains are being continuously added and weight of rail not only on main lines but on branch lines is being steadily increased to meet this condition. The use of tie-plates, creosoted ties, and improved class of ballast, is being extended to further facilitate these operating economies and allow of even more expeditious service. More than 7,000,000 tie-plates will be required for 1928, at a cost of $2,350,000. Rail anchors to furthr improve track will be laid to the number of about one million, at a cost of $255,000. Rock ballast will be extended over additional mileage during the year, new ballast installations totaling 1,000,000. In the installation of steel bridges and culverts $2,225,000 will be expended in 1928, bringing the total amount spent on this account in the past five years to $13,385,000. On the provision of additional passenger, freight, deisel electric and work equipment, and in the installation of new devices to locomotives and cars, it is planned to expend $5,800,000 in 1928. For grade separation the National Railways is providing in 1928 an amount of $1,700,000.

Improvements and additions to shops and engine houses are to be carried out during the year, the largest work of this character being planned for the Montreal shops at Pt. St. Charles, where $1,000,000 will be expended on the new locomotive erecting and machine shop, started in 1927, and $450,000 on new power plant for these shops.

Improvements in the facilities for passengers are planned at various points, including Hamilton, Ont., and Saint John, N.B., while engine terminals are to be improved at Charlottetown, P.E.I. A sum of $200,000 is to be expended at Hamilton on the initial stage of the new passenger station. $275,000 is to be spent on improvements and new equipment for the Chateauguay Railway, one of the electric lines of the System, and further improvements are to be made on the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway.

The Canadian National Railways Telegraphs is to expend $3,100,000, chiefly in connection with the extension of its commercial facilities. These extensions will include the acquisition of the Western Union lines and equipment in the Maritime Provinces, allowing the Canadian National Railways Telegraphs to give service over its own wires in all the nine provinces. Other details of the requirements of the commercial telegraph facilities include the enlargement between Toronto and Montreal of the carrier current system, all physical wires and carrier channels being given these cities being fully assigned. Provision is also made for the completion of carrier current telegraph equipment between Winnipeg and Vancouver, which will materially improve wire communication between the east and west coast. Construction of this extension was commenced during 1927.

Notable additions are provided in these estimates to the hotel system of the National Railways. A sum of $2,000,000 is to be expended on the completion of the new wing of the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, which will give that hotel two hundred and fifty additional rooms, new ballroom, convention hall, dining room and other public apartments. To meet the cost of new hotel and station at Halifax $1,250,000 is included in the railway budget. Under an agreement with the City of Vancouver, the Canadian National Railways are obligated to begin construction on their new hotel at Vancouver by November of this year, and $100,000 is provided to meet the cost of the foundation work this year. For the season of 1928 the accommodation of Jasper Park Lodge, Jasper National Park, is being increased to take care of four hundred and sixty-eight guests. New bungalows, and additional facilities are being constructed at the Lodge, and a new log cabin camp enterprise is to be erected at Emperor Falls, Mount Robson Park.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

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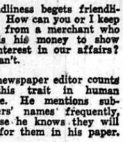

Canada a Rubber Manufacturer.

Canada has now become the fourth world, exporting rubber products to the value of $30,000,000 annually, though the raw product comes from countries to which the Dominion is exporting the manufactured commodity, said Hon. James Malcolm, Minister of Trade and Commerce at the annual banquet of the Canadian Rubber Association.

The Tit-Lark.

The most common British bird is not the sparrow, says an eminent naturalist, but the meadow pulpit, more commonly known as the tit-lark.

A Tree That Smokes.

Jajan has a smoking tree, which smokes only just after sunset. The tree is 60 feet high and the fumes rise from the top of the trunk.

A Cent Per Day.

French soldiers still get one cent a day pay, just as before the war, but their food now costs the Government 20 cents a day.

Fly Flight Facts.

House flies often make a journey of five or six miles in twenty-four hours. Some 234,000 flies at different times were obtained for unique flight tests.

For Pure English.

Hawaiian schools are trying to eliminate "pidgin" English in their pupils of many races.

GOOD SEED, AND WHAT IT MEANS

(Experimental Farms Note)

For many years the benefits from the use of good seed have been known and appreciated by all good farmers. In spite, however, of these live examples and all that has been written on the subject, there are still farmers who sow poor, cheap, common seed, and expect to harvest good crops.

By GOOD SEED, is meant clean, plump, well graded, sound seed, free from weeds and of a variety thoroughly tested and well adapted to the district in which it is to be sown. Plump, well graded seed when sown, will feed evenly through the seeder and give a uniform distribution of the seed, resulting in a good stand of crop. The seeds being plump have a plentiful supply of food stored up which give the plants a good chance to become well established from the start.

All the seed sown on a field, should germinate well and produce strong, healthy plants, and that is what happens when good seed is used. Good seed insures a vigorous crop which is able to keep the weeds in check and covers the ground to the best advantage. These strong growing plants are better fed and better able to contend with the ravages caused by drought, rust and unfavourable weather conditions.

The extra cost of good seed is relatively small and the extra returns at harvest time amply repay the additional outlay at he start.

There are many agencies promoting the use of good seed. The Experimental Farms of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, have played an active part in this work. At different Farms and Stations, seed cleaning and grading plants have been established and equipped with the necessary machinery. These plants clean and grade seed at a low cost per bushel, and should encourage the installation of other and similarly equipped plants in the surrounding districts, for the purpose of insuring a plentiful supply of good seed.

All-Electric Village In Wales.

Llanuwchllyn, near Bala, claims that it is the most up-to-date village in Wales, for it is run entirely by electricity. Power is provided at 1½d. per unit. Every cottage is provided with electric light, electric cookers, electrical labor-saving devices, and the village carpenters and builders use electric saws and planes. The power-station is in a small wooded nut on the mountain-side.

Manx Dying Out.

Manx, the native language of the Isle of Man, is dying out. Fewer than 1,000 of the island's 50,000 inhabitants have now any working knowledge of Manx.

More Than 200 Statues.

Within the circle of five miles round Charing Cross, London contains more than 200 statues of famous men and women.

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The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,

Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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Braden sniffed. "What trick 's he played?"

Matthews evaded the question. "I seen 'one of the Clark outfit," he continued, "and tried t' git him t' bother old Ilmpy. Says I, 'They're stealin' your slow elk down there.' Wasn't any use. 'Thunderation!' says the cow punch. 'You mean that bull? He was a yearlin' when he come to 'em. That's maverick age.'"

Braden sneered. "Such a kid!" he murmured. "Why didn't you lay low and not go butting down their door? Why didn't you lose the old man and amb up one of the girls—marry her? Big due's a rip snortin' beauty; pert, by jingo, as a prairie dog!"

"She'd send me a-flyin'," urged Matthews. "But th' little one"—

"Sure! You're a good looker—handsome—if you'd fix yourself up some."

"If I could git rid of the old man! If I could! Aw, come t' think, what I got that lout of a brother for? Easy—with Indians to lay it on. Blaze the way for 'Babe'—he's a naphead—but he knows enough to follow a spotted line."

"Go careful."

"I'll try to scare 'em off."

"Huh! Folks that ain't afraid to come this far in a schooner, Indians or no Indians, ain't likely to stampede at one white."

"You don't know how I mean."

"Go ahead. No use our brayin' like starved jackasses. Do somethin'. You was a fool to ever let 'em winter."

Matthews clinched his fists. "Well," he said, "they won't winter again!"

CHAPTER XX.

DAVID BOND was on his knees in the bed of his wagon beneath the high board cross.

Before him he held an open Bible, but he was not reading. His head was uncovered. His beard was lifted. His eyes closed in prayer. Beside him knelt Squaw Charley, with hands pressed together, as if reverent, with shoulders bent lower than their wont, with shifting, downward look. North of the barracks on the road that led from the steamer landing the two had met in the early hours to say goodby.

Swift on the first hint of coming trouble the evangelist had made ready for his long journey to the west. Shadrach was shod, his master fitting the plates to the shaggy hoofs. The runners were taken from the green box and replaced by the red wheels. Canned food, salted meat, hard tack and forage were boxed or sacked at the sutler's. The harness was greased. A new nail was driven home through the base of the sagging cross.

During these preparations the post joined in an effort to damp the aged preacher's hopes and to check his going. He was needed at Brannon, they said, and that the regiment could be rid of Matthews. His belief that he could talk peace terms to the hostiles was ludicrous. As for the Jamieson women, they were dead or they would have been returned long since. Even the four condemned from hanging. And his own life was to be uselessly endangered. Already out upon the prairie Indian scouts were keeping watch. He might be able, though alone and unarmed, to pass them and reach the coulees beyond, but he would only fall into the murderous clutches of the savages swarming there.

David Bond smiled when they argued. His faith was as firm as the bluffs that ramparted the fort, and his old heart was unafraid. With him against the rest ranged two men—Robert Fraser and young Jamieson. They believed, as he did, that, knowing the tongue and having friends among the Sioux, he would be in no peril; that by now the captive mother and daughter were on American ground again and would be given over to his care more readily than to another's; that the arrival of troops before the enemy's camp would be fraught with risk for the defenseless two and that an attempt to take them by force would be their death signal.

Colonel Cummings was harrowed by Jamieson's mouths of anguish and illness and angered by the indifference and dawdling of the captors in the face of his demand and threat. His heart was set upon punishment now, not treaty. He felt that he was being played with, and he longed to find the red Sioux and thrash them soundly. A word about the evangelist's trip put him out of patience. He regarded it as futile and rash. Yet he did not forbid it. He dared not, for there was Jamieson's old-young face and whitening head and a hidden spark of hope that would not die.

He owed it to his conscience and position, however, to discourage David Bond. "There will be sharp fighting this summer," he told him. "A hundred good men like you couldn't stop it. The cause lies too deep, and it is too well founded. In the matter of the women you will also fail. They did not come as the price of four chiefs. Will they come because you ask for them politely? They won't. And you will be slaughtered."

"Then I shall die in a noble cause," answered the preacher simply. "The Indians know me. I am their friend. I have spent my life with them, taught them, advised, converted. What is all my labor worth, colonel, if I cannot go among them in times of distress?"

"Worth this," said the colonel, "that you should know when to use your common sense. I tell you, you will meet with treachery. Friend or no friend, this year the Indians are hunting scalps."

"I put my trust in God," murmured David Bond.

"Don't put your trust in redskins," retorted Cummings crossly. Whereupon he tramped away.

"Waste of breath—nothing else," he declared to his wife. "I'm clean put out with the old fellow. He's daft on going. Now, why doesn't he stay here instead of sticking his throat to the knife? There's plenty to do; but, po, oh! he must rush on a wild goose chase. Well, he'll have one, mark that! He's either ripe for an insane asylum or he's a religious adventurer—and I'm hanged if I know which!"

It was the bluster that covers an aching wound; that is a vent for out raged helplessness. And David Bond understood.

When he asked leave to address the stockade the commanding officer willingly consented. The attitude of the hostages on that occasion startled and disturbed the whole post, for the evangelist might as well have harangued the cottonwood grove across the river. He asked the braves for messages to their brothers. By way of reply they got up one after the other from where he had found them grouped in the sun before the council tent and strolled insolently to their lodges. Soon he was discoursing to empty space and to a line of squaws who threw him malignant glances and jeered at him. He left, surprised, saddened, but unshaken. Impudence is the bold retort and defiance—these were following the smoke from Medicine mountain. They formed a cue that pointed to one fact—the prisoners were disappointed. They had been expecting not peace and reservation life, but freedom and battle.

David Bond felt a double need for his quick departure and his services among the gathering war bands. He hastened his few remaining tasks and set the day for the start. Now the day was come. His farewells had been said at the shack and at headquarters. Breakfast over and Shadrach put to the shafts, he would take his way up the river. But first there must be laid upon Squaw Charley a final and solemn charge.

The prayer finished, he put out a hand and touched the Indian. Then he opened his tear blurred eyes and looked at him, his face softening and working. Squaw Charley did not budge. His palms were still pressed tight. He blinked at the wagon bed.

"Charles," said the evangelist earnestly, "you and I love the little family over yonder. They have been good and kind. I want you to watch over them while I am gone and be faithful to them. The father is crippled and weak, and he has no friends. Charles, you must be a friend to him and to the girls. No matter what happens, do not fail them. There will be another guard, ing. Guard with him. Something may call him away. Some one may kill him. Take his place. If danger comes tell of it at the fort. Do you promise, Charles? Do you promise?" He leaned forward, entreating.

The outcast moved from side to side uneasily.

"Promise, promise!" said David Bond. "You must give up anything for them, even your life. Remember that—even your life. I have told you often, and you have not forgot, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Again the Indian moved uneasily.

"'For his friends,'" repeated the evangelist. "Ah, they have been your friends!" He put his fingers beneath Squaw Charley's chin and lifted it. The two looked long into each other's eyes. Then they arose and parted.

Later when the last buckle of Shadrach's harness was fixed David Bond climbed to the seat and took up the reins. A score of troopers about the head of the white horse stepped aside and formed a little lane. Here and there a man reached up. Here and there, too, were awkward attempts at wit. "Hope y' 've made yer will, parson," called one. "Look out them locks o' yourn don't go t' trick out some big buck," shouted another. And, "Good-by," cried a third, saluting with great formality. "Tell o' St. Peter he'll git a bunch of us some time this summer."

To all the evangelist returned his blessing.

The interpreter shoved forward through the growing crowd and made a show of friendliness. "Grun'pa," he said, "you're pritty game, all right. Most old war hosses like you'd be stayin' home and enjoyin' their pension."

David Bond threw up his head resentfully. "Pension," he said, and shot a searching look into Matthews' face. "I am not a man who sells his principles for money. What I give to my country I give free."

The crowd cheered him, swinging their caps.

Then there was a hush. A shrunken figure was hurrying up, stretching out thin hands to detain him. No one scoffed now, but one stout trooper put an arm about Jamieson to steady him while he talked.

"Mr. Bond, the colonel thinks I oughtn't to go with you. He wants me to wait for the ambulance. But he's fooling—he's fooling. He means me to stay behind, and I know it. So I've come to say that I look to you to find mother and Alice. Tell them to hurry, for I can't mind this—long." The gray head dropped to the trooper's shoulder.

"Jamieson," said the evangelist, "if God spares my life I shall meet your mother and sister. I shall cheer them and help them. I believe I shall save them. If they are given to me, I shall come straight back. Do not go with the command. Stay behind, Jamieson. I'll bring them to you."

"I'll stay, then. I believe"—

The preacher smiled down and to every side. Then he clucked to Shadrach. The tugs straightened. The wagon rolled slowly out of the post.

The sunlight shone upon the green box and the red wheels and upon the stanch old driver, who never once looked back. Above, emblem of the sublime Martyr, sagged the high board cross.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNDER the cottonwoods that shadowed the landing place the clematis trailed its tufts of fluffy gray; a cluster of windflowers nodded, winking their showy blue eyes; birds whisked about to fetch straws and scraps for their building, and the grass, bright green, but stubby, wore a changing spatter work of sun and leaf.

Marylyn let drop her bonnet and the cow horn that hung by a thong to her wrist. Then, with folded hands, she looked up and around her, smiling the warm air in delight. The Texas home had never offered such a lovely retreat. There the arid mesa had grown thorny mesquite, scraggled cypress or stunted live oak for a shade. Sand had whirled ceaselessly before a high, hot wind. No flowers had bloomed but the pale toadflax and the prickly pear, and beside the salt lakes of that almost waterless waste had nested only the vulture.

But this! It was like the blossom strewn plain that burst upon them as desert wearied, they traveled into central Texas; like the glimpses of April woodland in the Upper and Lower Cross Timbers. It made generous return for the long, merciless winter. More—in one glance, in one breath, it swept away a whole winter of hateful memories.

She caught up bonnet and horn and chose a seat close to the river. Before her was a gap in the bunted grapevine heaps that clung along the brink of the bank. Through it, veiled only by some tendrils that swung wishfully across, lay a wedgelike vista of muddy water, bottom land, bluff and sky. The midmorning sun glinted upon the treacherous current, upon the wet grass of the bottom land, upon the green-brown bluff and the Gatling at its top, upon the far, curving azure of the sky. Against the dazzle, her blue eyes winked harder than the breeze tossed anemones. Stretching out upon her back, she rested them in the shifting canopy of leaf.

A startled kingbird flashed past her, coming from a tree by the cut. She got up and saw a man in uniform standing near. He was a young man, with a flushed face and wildly rumpled hair. In one hand he held a tanseled hat and in the other a rifle. He leaned forward from behind a bulberry bush, and his look was guiltily eager and admiring.

As startled as the kingbird, she grasped the cow horn and lifted it to her lips.

But she did not blow a warning. The uniform retreated in cowardly haste, the tasseled hat lowered, and the eyes beseeched.

A moment. Then the man smiled and shook his hat at her roguishly. "A-ah!" he said—in the tone of one who had made a discovery—"I didn't know before that a fairy lives in this grove!"

Marylyn glanced over a shoulder. "Does there?" she questioned, half whispering.

He took a forward step. "There does," he answered solemnly. "It's Goldenhair, as well as I can make out. But where on earth are the bears?"

Instantly she had her bonnet. "My, my!" she said. "Bears! Indians is bad enough." She peered into the long heaps of tangled grapevine.

"Oh, now!" he exclaimed self accusingly. He whipped a knee with the hat. "Now, I've gone and scared you! Say, honest! There isn't a bear in a hundred miles. I'd stake my stupid head on it."

"But Golden"—she began.

"Goldenhair?" He smiled again, by way of entreaty. "Why, Goldenhair is —you."

She clapped on her bonnet in a little flurry, pulling it down to hide the last yellow wisp.

Misunderstanding the action, he began to plead. "Oh, don't go; please don't go! I've wanted to meet you for months and months. I've heard so much about you. Lounsbury told me."

She gave him a quick look from under the bonnet's rim. "Mr. Lounsbury," she repeated and stiffened her lips.

"Yes."

"He don't know much about me, I reckon. He ain't been to see us for months and months." She began to dig at the ground with the toe of a shoe.

"Well—well"—he floundered. "He's been awful rushed lately—needed at Clark's—there now. I promised to—to tend to his business here for him. But he told me about you, just the same, and about your sister too. Say, but she is a brick!"

She gave him another look, slightly resentful, but inquiring. "What's a brick?" she demanded.

"It's a person that's all grit," he answered earnestly.

"That's Dallas," she agreed.

He passaged in cavalry fashion until his face was between her and the shack. Then he assumed a front that was cautiously humble. "Lounsbury's had the best of it," he complained. "He's known you from the start. And this is the first chance I've ever had to know you."

She stopped toeing. "But I don't know you," she returned. "Mr. Lounsbury's never told me"—

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm Robert Fraser, from the fort. That's really all there is to say about me. You see, I've only been in one fight—that was last fall—and I've never even killed an Indian."

She pulled nervously at her bonnet strings. "You're a soldier," she said. "And pa—he'd be mad as a hornet if he knew I'd spoke to you."

Fraser took another step forward. "Pa won't know," he declared.

"Promise you won't tell?" she asked, blushing consciously.

He cast about him as if to find a proper token for his vow. "I promise," he answered, bat on heart; "I promise by the great horn spoon!"

"You're the first I—I ever talked to," she faltered.

"That's good."

"No; it's bad, because I promised pa once that I wouldn't ever have any-

"I promise by the great horn spoon!"

thing to do with a soldier, and now I'm breaking my word."

"But he's dead wrong"—

"That's what Dallas says."

"Does she? Bless her heart! Then why don't you both desert and come over to the enemy?"

"Pa says you are enemy."

"We were," he corrected soberly, "but the war is over now."

"Maybe it is," she said wistfully, "but pa is still a-fighting."

"And Goldenhair's drafted when she'd rather have peace. Too bad!" He motioned her to the seat by the gap.

"I can't; I mustn't," she said and moved a little toward the shack.

"Then I'll go," he said firmly. "I didn't mean to drive you out of here."

He also moved—toward the landing place.

At that she assented, fearful of hurting his feelings. But she could think of nothing to say and pulled thoughtfully at the grass.

He studied the farther bluff top and its warding gun.

Peace," he repeated after a time. "It's a thing we're not likely to have this summer, and your folks must let us watch out for you, no matter how much you dislike us. The Indians are out and getting ready. They say there isn't a young brave left on any of the reservations up this way. They're all hunting—and we know what that means. They're collecting and arming for battle. Our troops go to find them at daybreak. See!" He bent forward, pointing.

Below the stockade on a level stretch showing yellow with mustard, where grain had been unshipped the year before, stood long, gray tented rows.

"They've moved out of barracks and gone into temporary camp."

"That land man back there's moved and gone too." She waited. Then, "Are—you going?"

He shook his head. "I'm scheduled to stay. It was a disappointment, but I expected it. I've an idea B troop won't be idle though."

Her brow knit. "Indians?" she asked.

"Your being on this side of the river assures you folks safety," he hastened to say. "And they shan't get to you while B troop's in post."

"All the same, I wish pa'd let Dallas take us away."

"If Indians show up you'll all come to the fort. And I'd like that."

"No. Pa wouldn't let us. He'd die first."

"And so maybe I shan't see you again—unless you come here some day. Do you think that you can?" He bent to see her face. The bonnet framed it quaintly.

"It's—it's a nice place," she asserted.

He held out his hand to her. "I shall come," he said gently. "But now I've got to go."

She gave him her hand. He got to his feet still holding it and helped her to rise.

"Goodby," she said bashfully, drawing away.

He freed her hand. "You don't know how glad I am that we've met," he said; "you don't know. It's been pretty lonesome for me since I came out, and you are a taste of—of the old life. You're like one of those prairie flowers that have escaped from the gardens back home. You sweeten the western air, Miss Marylyn."

She hung the cow horn to her wrist and turned toward the shack. Her shaped leaves were trembling to the rush of the river. Her heart trembled with them and her voice. "We ain't eastern," she said, wistful again. "I was born down in the mesquite, but—but I'm mesquite, I"— She paused, glancing back at him.

He stood as she had seen him first. His face was flushed, his uncovered hair was rumpled. In one hand he held his rifle, in the other his tasseled hat. And his eyes were eager, admiring. "No, you're not eastern," he said; "you were born down in the mesquite, but remember this, Miss Marylyn, it's the deepest woods that grow the sweetest violets."

She went on out of the grove. He lingered to watch her. Beyond the coulee road she caught sight of some dandelions and gathering her apron into a generous pouch started to pick a mess. Her bonnet fell off. She tied it by a string to her braid. Then, flitting here and there as she spied new clusters, she began an old Texas bunkhouse song:

"We'd put the Indians coming,
We heard them give a yell.
My feelings at that moment
No mortal tongue could tell."

Her step was light. Her cheek was pink. Her eyes were happy. The corners of her mouth were turned upward smilingly. About her warbled the blackbirds. She mingled her tune with theirs.

CHAPTER XXII.

PIERCING its shrill way through the heavy mist that hung above the Missouri came a strange, new trumpet call from Brannon. The opening notes, reiterated and smooth flowing, were unlike the first sprightly lilt of reveille. As Dallas stilled the speaking of the well pulley to listen they fell upon her ear disquietly.

The notes ended. From behind, her father's voice called to her querulously. "Seem t' be changin' they mornin' toot over thar," he said. "Ah wonder ef it means anythin' particular."

"I think the soldiers are going," she answered.

"Th' hull passel?" he demanded. Then, with a grunt, "Waal, good riddance t' bad rubbish."

Later on, as Dallas circled the shack with the plow turning up a wide strip as a protection against fires, she found that the reason she had given for the trumpet's varying was the true one. The sun, dispersing the fog, had unshrouded the river and unveiled the barracks and the bluffs. When she saw that, of the camps row below the grade not a tent remained and the campground lay deserted. While from it, heading northward through the post to the faint muzzle of the band, moved an imposing column of cavalry. Arms and equipment flashed gallantly in the sun. Horses curveted. Handkerchiefs fluttered goodbys from the galleries of the line. Up Clothespin row the wives and friends of troopers waited in little groups. At the quarters of the scouts sounded the melancholy beat of a tomtom. Accompanying it and contrasting with it weirdly was a plaintive cadence—the monotonous lament of Indian women.

The column wound on its way, at its rear the heavy rolling, white covered wagon train. The band had ceased to play. The groups that had been waving farewells sorrowfully dispersed. The tomtom was still, and no wail of squaws was borne across the river. Then Dallas again started up Ben and Betty.

And now a sudden fit of depression came over her. The dew sparkled on the grass, the air was soft, the breeze caressing, the sun was warm on her shoulders. Yet with all the brightness on every hand a sense of uneasiness would not be shaken off.

She found herself reining often to look toward Clark's. Midway of the eastern ridge was a long buff blotch, the crossing of the coulee road. Would a horse and rider pass across that spot today? Probably not. A wave of loneliness and of undeserved injury swept her, welling the tears to her eyes.

She halted close to the corn land when cheery singing reached her. Marylyn had left the shack and was going riverward, dawdling with studied slowness

We saw the Indians coming,
We heard them give a yell.
My feelings at that moment
No mortal tongue could tell.

We heard the bugle sounding,
The captain gave command,
"To arms, to arms, my comrades,
And by your ponies stand!"

We fought there full nine hours
Before the strife was o'er,
Such sight of dead and wounded
I ne'er had seen before—

Five hundred noble rangers
As ever saw the west
Were buried by their comrades.
May peaceful be their rest!

Dallas shivered. The song suggested a crude picture for the gay troopers who had just gone forth. "Marylyn!" she called.

The younger paused to look.

"Be careful, honey. Keep in sight."

Marylyn nodded, threw a kiss and strolled on.

All day Dallas tried to work away her troublesome thoughts. When she had known that no Indian was signaling from Medicine mountain she had felt no fear. Why was she growing fearful now? For it was fear, not any mere nervousness or sadness over the marching of the troops. It was even more. There was a haunting feeling that something was going to happen. There was a terrible certainty weighing upon her—a certainty of coming harm.

Toward night she began to watch about her—southward to the shanty of the Norwegian; eastward to where the tent of the Sioux Falls man had been; and, west, where the setting sun touched the sentinel guns on the bluffs; along the coulee, where the darkness always crept first.

She found herself examining the tops of distant trees. Medicine mountain showed a dark speck at its summit—had she ever noticed that before? Other peaks looked unfamiliar—were they the lookouts of savage spies? And north, far beyond the "little bend," was the smoke of a campfire. In fancy she saw the one who had lighted it—a warrior with vindictive, painted face, who peered at the squat shack on the bend as he fanned and smothered the flame.

Night was at hand. The plover were wailing. The sad voiced pewits called One by one the frogs began a lone some chant. A light had sprung up in the shack. She glanced that way. And the window eyes of the log house seemed to leer at her.

A warm supper. Maryiyn's bright face, her father's placid retorts—all these did not suffice to drive away her forebodings. What was there in the coming night?

All the day Dallas had spoke for caution. The lantern was shaken out before the table was cleared. Her father and sister early sought their beds. She only lay down in her clothes. The hours passed in a strange suspense. She listened to her father's deep breathing, to the mules when they wandered into their stalls, to the snap of Simon's long brush as he whipped off the mosquitoes. Her eyes kept searching the black corners of the room and the pale squares of the windows. Her ears were alert for every sound.

She fell to thinking of Squaw Charley. He had not come for his supper or brought them the daily basket. Was he growing indifferent—to them?

It was when she could no longer keep awake at her post that she heard or dreamed a terrible shape. She dreamed, and in her dream a head came through the dirt floor close to her bed. It was covered by a war bonnet of feathers. Beside the head was an arm, bronze—fingers white and strangely familiar—was a tomahawk.

Soon she made out a face—Matthews'. She squirmed, striving to summon her father. A flame flickered up in the fireplace. The face changed from white to red, and Charley danced before her. She squirmed again. The face faded—

She found herself sitting bo't upright. Her hands were clinched defensively, her teeth were shut so tight that her jaws ached. She was staring wide eyed at the door.

The shack was no longer in dark ness. Sunlight had come, and its light made everything clear. She sprang up and lifted the latch, then fell back, her stiffened lips framing a cry.

Before her, on shanks, driven deep into the nearest bit of unpacked ground, was a sapling new cut and stripped clean of the bark. From its top, flying pennon-like in the wind, was a scarlet square. And at one corner of this, dangling to and fro in horrid suggestiveness, swung a shriveled patch that held a lock of hair.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RIFLE in hand, forgetful of crutches, bewildered by sleep, the section boss came diving through the blanket partition to answer her call. "Wha's matter? Wha's matter?" he demanded thickly, rubbing hard at his eyes to unclog their sight.

Dallas leaned in the doorway, facing out. Her shoulders were bent forward, heavily, as if she, too, were only half awake. Her head rested against a casing. She lifted it when she felt him beside her. "Well, dad," she answered grimly, "I'm Indined this time, and—I reckon they got us stampeded." She smiled a little, ruefully, and pointed.

Winking into the light Lancaster followed her pointing and saw the pole. Up jerked his chin, as if from a blow on the goatee. He stared wildly. His jaw dropped. "Cry, Lawd!" he breathed perplexedly and his chest heaved beneath the gray flannel of his shirt. Slowly he hobbled forward in his bare feet, using his gun for a prop. Before the pole he halted and began tousling his grizzled crown with trembling fingers. Overhead the scalp weighted rag swung to and fro in the breeze, waving him its sinister salute.

Gradually his brain cleared and into it there trickled a hint of the pole's meaning and purpose. He shifted

Overhead the scalp weighted rag swung to and fro.

rumbling his hair and caught up the Sharps in both hands. Then, all at once, the trickle swelled to a foaming torrent of suspicion that carried him close to the truth. Maddened, cursing, he dropped the gun and fell upon the sapling, pried it furiously from the sod and smashed it into a dozen bits.

To Dallas, watching him in silence, the destruction of the pole was a sore reminder, for better than ever before, she realized that her father could only accomplish the hasty, childish things; that beyond these he was powerless. Without a doubt she must ask ease where for aid.

As he came limping and raging back to her she hurried forward to relieve him of the rifle and to guide his crippled feet. "Dad, I think it's about time we had a' understanding at the fort," she said quietly and took him by an arm.

He broke away in a short and wrung himself out of her grasp. "Th' fort! Th' fort! Th' fort!" he repeated in a frenzy. "Lawd-a-mighty, Dallas, y' make me sick!"

"It's Indians," she replied steadily. "They're coming too near to be comfortable. We got to have help."

He raised his fists and shook them. "Help an' fiddlesticks!" he blustered. "That ain't no Injun. Ah tell y' Ah seen 'em bleedin' a-sayin' t' skeer us. Ge look at th' ground—go look at th' groun', Ah say. See if they's moccasin tracks thereabout. Ah bet y' won't fin' any." She turned back to the scattered splinters, pulling Dallas after him.

Together they got down, examining with care. As he had said, there were no prints of an Indian shoe in the soft earth, but mingling with the round, faint marks of his own naked heel were those, more plainly stamped of a large boot. They led up to the spot from the nearest point on the river and back upon themselves toward the same point.

"W'ud Ah tell y'?" demanded the section boss almost triumphantly. His voice quavered, however, and he quivered. "It's the' seshaw'ng, an' he wanted us t' know it. Ain't ev'ry Injun in fifty mile shet up tight in yon corral? Ev'ry one 'cept Charley, an' this ain't the job o' thet blamed fool. No, sirree! Ah'm, then, th' mules didn' make no row las' night. They'd shore snorted if it was Injuns"—

"I guess that's so," agreed Dallas hastily and made him a warning sign. Marylyn was moving about inside and calling.

But he was beyond thought for another. "Bosh, bosh!" he cried. "She's got t' stop bein' coddled an' know w'at's w'at. You got t' stop talkin' fort. Ah'm goin' t' ketch thet low down skunk 'thout no soldiers. An'

(Continued on page 6.)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

YEP T'NIGHT, WE'RE GON'T' CATCH THAT MYSTERIOUS MASTER-MIND, BLIEVE ME! HE'S ALWAYS YELLED AT US FROM THIS DARK ROOM AN' BY TH' TIME WE RAN IN THERE, FOUND TH' SWITCH AN' TURNED ON TH' LIGHT, HE WAS GONE! TODAY I HAD AN ELECTRICIAN PUT A SWITCH OUT HERE! IF HE GETS AWAY FROM US TONIGHT HE'LL SURE HAVE T' HURRY!
PA'S SON-IN-LAW
THE MASTER-MIND KNOWS ALL!
AH! LIGHTS—AND IN WE GO!
QUICK!
EMPTY! BY JINKS, THERE'S NOBODY IN HERE!
THIS IS MYSTERIOUS BY
LINGTON
YAP—AH' DOOR HIM ALSO. SOME LOOSE AH' NO PLACE TO' HELLA FO' HIDE!
HA! HA! HA!
OWF! AIN'T I SWEET TH' SOUL OF SWEPT!

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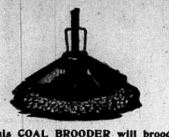
Oil or Electrically heated, are built to last a life-time. In all sizes from 85 to 1800 egg capacity. The best hatcher ever manufactured.



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We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,

Napanee, - Ontario

Truck Ditched.

Friday afternoon, about one mile east of Desoronto, an 8-ton transport truck ran off the highway and landed in the ditch. The truck was upset and the contents scattered about. The driver and a companion escaped unhurt.

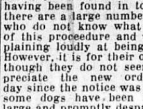
Fire at Marlbank.

Saturday afternoon fire destroyed a barn and the village bake shop, the property of Mr. Geo. Jordan, at Marlbank. A very strong wind was blowing and for some time it was feared the fire would destroy a good portion of the village. The flying embers set fire to the Anglican church, Dr. Burrows' residence and several other buildings, but by hard work from willing helpers these fires were put out before any damage was done. It is understood that Mr. Jordan had $1900 insurance on his bakery building.

Rabies.

Last week the town authorities issued a proclammation, giving notice that all dogs found at large would be shot at sight, on account of several cases of Rabies having been found in town. Now there are a large number of dogs who do not know what to make of this proceedure and are complaining loudly at being tied up. However, it is for their own good, though they do not seem to appreciate the new order. Each day since the notice was pubished some dogs have been found at large and promptly despatched by the police officers.

Stop the Losses of your Baby Chicks



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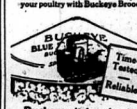
coal-burning brooders

Don't let your baby chicks die. Don't let them get chilled to death, smothered to death, crowded or overheated. Every chick you lose is money right out of your pocket.

Buckeye Colony Brooders have proved their ability to prevent chick losses. They have saved money for a quarter-million poultry-raisers. They have proved their chick-raising ability for twelve years.

Come to our store today and let us tell you how you can stop your losses and make more money from your poultry with Buckeye Brooders.



Buckeye oil-burning brooders

M. B. MILLS CO.,
Napanee, Ont.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "A War the League of Nations Cannot End"

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

7.00—Evening worship. Sermon, "Recreation or Wreck-Creation."

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League—Mock Trial.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Poultry Wanted.

We pay the highest cast prices for poultry the year round.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.,
18-1-y Napanee.

Wanted.

Clothes cleaned and pressed. Orders left will receive prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bridge Street East.
19-d A. S. HAMILTON.

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark will sell for Dan Mooney, on pt. lots 18 and 19, North Fredericksburgh, 2 miles from Napanee on Hamburgh road, on Wednesday, April 18th, at 1 p.m., bay horse, 4 grade Holstein cows, yearling heifer, binder, mower, cultivator, plows, horse rake, disc drill, scuffler, drag, sleighs, cutter, lumber wagon, harness, 10 tons hay and straw, hens, Incubator and brooder. Bluebell separator, some household furniture. Usual terms.

Mrs. Samuel Turkington.

Mrs. Tamuel Turkington, a resident of Marlbank, died on Tuesday night, April 3rd, aged 73 years. Pneumonia was the cause of her death. Her husband predeceased her several years ago. She is survived by a family of three daughters and two sons. The daughters are Mrs. Harry Allen and Mrs. W. Williams, Marlbank; Mrs. Annie Young, Switzerville; and the sons, Samuel on the homestead, and David, who lives in the States. Two sons died some years ago. The funeral took place on Thursday to St. Matthew's Anglican Church. Interment at Tamworth.

Hines—Tompkins.

St. Alban's Church, Adolphustown, was the scene of a pretty wedding on April 3rd, at 10.30 when Ethel Gladys Hines became the bride of Harvey Clinton Tompkins. The bride was becomingly attired in a dress of bisque with cream lace hose of the same shade and black shoes. Mr. Strother, the rector of the church, performed the ceremony. Miss Alida Broere, from Toronto, was the bride's attendant and Harry Tompkins, brother of the groom, was best man. Lunch was served at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Harry Hines. For her going away costume the bride donned a blue ensemble with a small crochet hat. On their return the happy couple will reside in Conway.

Wall Finishes.

Muresco for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.

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THE MILLS HATCHERY,
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To Use Papers Exclusively.

Consolidated Distributors, Inc. New York, operating a chain of 34 5-cents to $1 stores, will use local newspaper advertising exclusively in the future. President Jesse Froelich announced last week.

Kingston to Cape Vincent.

The Rockport Navigation Co., Ltd., opened the season of navigation between Kingston and Cape Vincent, N.Y., on Tuesday April 10th, daily except Sunday, leaving Kingston 8.00 a.m., returning leave Cape Vincent 2.30 p.m.

Taken to Hospital.

Louis Deshane, of Marlbank, was taken to Rockwood Sanitarium on Saturday last, by Provincial Constable Hammer and Provincial Constable Sylvester. He had been suffering for some time with mental disease and became quite bothersome with the family, on two occasions driving them out of the house. The man is not ordinarily violent, but the authorities and family consider him safer in the institution.

Gerald C. Ball.

Word has been received of the death of Gerald Ball, a former resident of Bath and Kingston, who was accidently killed at Winter Haven, Fla., on March 17, 1928. He was born at Bath, on April 19th, 1903, and spent his early life there, where he received his education, graduating from the Collegiate Institute of Kingston, having also completed a business course, graduating from that department in 1923. After finishing his education, he was employed by the Donnocona Paper Co. for three years. He was then transferred to Chicago by the same firm, where he acted as bookkeeper for some time. In January of 1927 he went to Auburndale, where he spent some time with his parents.

Jack Williams Leaving Soon.

Jack Williams, former Verona and Belleville pitcher, who has been spending the winter at Verona, expects to leave in a few days for Chatwood, Ky., to rejoin his teammates for a few weeks' spring training before the opening of the state league season. The Charleroi team, of which Williams is the pitching ace, had a splendid season last year, and with a few new players on this year's roster, the management expects to have another successful season. Williams did some heavy hitting last year, being well up among the home-run getters in the state league, in addition to doing good twiring, and expects to have a good summer. Jack is well-known in Napanee among the baseball fans, he having performed on the local diamond here on several occasions.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

The emigration of Canadians to the United States is a subject of frequent lament throughout the Dominion. Where the evidence produced bears on the southward movement of the highly trained groups which gradate yearly from Canadian universities, the search for a remedy is most vigourously prosecuted.

It is worthy of note that the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, in its annual report for 1927, states that in the past five years it has selected from the graduating classes of Canadian universities no fewer than 320 members of its staff. The excellent work done in all departments of the service by these men and women has marked this policy as highly commendable from all points of view.

S. S. No. 2, SOUTH FREDERICKSBURGH.

JR. IV.—Margaret Wright, Arthur Whitfield.

SR. III.—Ada Tuckett, Clara Brown, Willie Graham.

JR. III.—Arthur Hill, Josephine Quaiff.

SR. II.—Thora Tuckett, Laura Punchard.

JR. II.—Fred Punchard, Lillian Graham.

First—Evelyn Ackerman, Jessie Punchard, Vera Plant.

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The shortest way around
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So, when you can,
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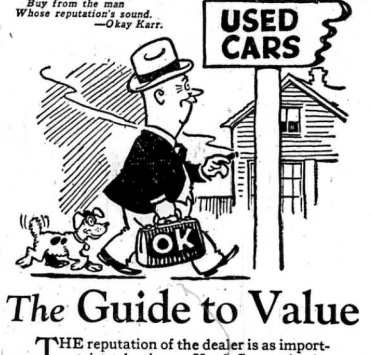
—Okay Karr.



The Guide to Value

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1926 Chevrolet Coach.....$500
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Choice Easter Lillies and Cut Flowers

For Easter Week.

M. L. ALLINGHAM

Market Square,
Next to Paisley House.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

Golf Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Golf Club will be held at the Council Chamber on Tuesday, April 17th, at 8 p.m. Members are requested to be present at this meeting.

PyroLac Demonstration, Friday and Saturday, 13th and 14th.

Do not miss this chance to see this wonderful Lacquer. Secure a 40c. can for 15c. at the Demonstration only.

BOYLE & SON.

"Headstrong Joan."

A comedy drama in 3 acts will be presented in the North Fredericksburgh Town Hall, on Friday, April 13th. The play is being produced by Moira Creek Dramatic Club, under the auspices of the Maple Leaf Women's Institute.

"Back to the Farm."

A comedy drama in 3 acts, will be given in the Parish Hall, Adolphustown, on Friday, April 20th, by Deseronto Dramatic Club, under auspices of Women's Institute. Admission 35c. and 15c. Hayburn Orchestra. Dance after the play. 20-b

Wheeler House at Tamworth Burns.

A serious fire broke out in the early hours of Monday morning, in the Wheeler House, occupied by Edward Schoolcraft and Joseph Wilson. The occupants had a very narrow escape and practically no furnishings were rescued. The surrounding buildings were saved by the bucket brigade, the members of which worked very faithfully.

The Late Mrs. J. Berry.

The remains of the late Mrs. John Berry, who was exceptionally well-known in this district, arrived in Napanee from Capreol on Saturday, and were taken to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baird, Bridge street. A short service was held Sunday afternoon, the remains being taken to St. Mark's church, Deseronto, where a public service was held, after which interment was made in Deseronto cemetery. The late Mrs. Berry was a former resident of Deseronto, and had been spending the winter with her son, Paul, in Capreol. A week ago she suffered a severe stroke, death taking place on Good Friday. She was well known in Napanee, having been a sister of the late J. J. Clarke, who passed away a few years ago and was a frequent visitor at the Clarke residence. Her husband predeceased her a number of years ago. Surviving is an only son, Paul, who left Deseronto a few years ago for Capreol.

Fraternal Visit.

On Thursday night, Argyll Lodge No. 212, I.O.O.F., were hosts to the third degree team of Peterborough Lodge and visitors from Napanee Lodge No. 86, Enterprise, Tarker and Odessa lodges. On the arrival of the visitors from Peterborough they were met by the reception committee and escorted to the Parish House for dinner. At the lodge rooms the Peterborough brethren conferred the third degree in a beautiful manner and at the conclusion of the work a banquet was served in the lodge dining hall, where four long tables were filled to capacity. At the conclusion of the banquet a short toast list was presented, with Mr. Lloyd Roe as chairman. Mr. J. O. Herrity, Industrial Commissioner of Belleville, represented the Grand Master, who was unable to be present. Messrs. Reginald Wiseman, Don. Scott, H. Seymour and J. A. McGillivray assisted in the evening's entertainment.

Easter Services at Grace Church.

The Easter Festival was very fittingly celebrated in Grace United Church on Sunday last. The pulpit platform was adorned by Easter lillies, the gifts of several members in memory of loved ones departed. Both services were attended by large congregations. The choir, under the leadership of Mrs. Seymour, was in splendid form. Their numbers were augmented by the presence of several old members home for the holiday. At the morning service, the 'anthem, "Now Late on the Sabbath Day," from "The Resurrection Story" Cantata was exceedingly well rendered, solo parts being taken by Mrs. Harold Denison and Mr. Reginald Wiseman. A duet, "It was For Me," was given by Messrs. Bert Seymour and Reginald Wiseman. At the evening service, another anthem from the Cantata used at the morning service, "Come Ye Faithful," was given, Chief Fred W. Barrett and Mr. Reginald Wiseman taking the tenor and bass solos. This was succeeded by a beautiful trio, "Awake Glad Soul," rendered very effectively by Mrs. B. Seymour, Miss Marion Wales and Mr. Reg. Wiseman. The organist, Mrs. B. M. Black, gave splendid support to all the vocal work by her interpretive playing. She was also heard to fine effect in her preludes, "Easter March" and "Adoration," and postludes, "Easter," by Ashford, and "Triumphal March" from Aida, and in the offertories, Schubert's "Slumber Song" and Kinder's "Berceuse." The minister, Rev. W. P. Woodger, preached in the morning upon "Two Appearances of Jesus After His Resurrection," that to Mary Magdaene, and the one to the Eleven Disciples. In the evening, he dealt with the subject of Immortality, under the title, "The Comfortable Hope of Our Father's House." At the morning service, six new members were received by profession of faith and two by letter of transfer.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
MASTERS, WILSON SHOALS

JUNIOR ROOM, TAMWORTH.

Class II in order of merit—Kenneth Currah, Madelene Tucker, Emily Lott, Leona Huffman, Donald Hunt, John Hopkins, Myrtle Gregory, Edwin Lochhead, Jean Wagar, Kenneth Stinson, Wilfred Courneya, Samuel Richmond, Ford Baker, Thomas Hopkins, James Card.

Absent—George Lynch, Clarence Baker.

Class I—Bruce Richardson, Vernon Doyle, Melbourne Woodcock, Marguerite McDonald, Gerald Lott, Doris Schoolcraft, Garnet Kirkpatrick, Almonte Card, Bruce Watters, Annie Hanna.

Missed all or most of examinations—Lila Rogers, Harold Rogers and Gertrude Richmond.

Primer Class—Helen Marshall, Dominic Courneya, Bert Hinchey, Reta Donohue, Reginald Richmond, Ronald Doyle, William Paul, Ida Wilson, Beatrice Woods, Clinton Kellar.

Absent—Edna Williams, Marguerite Gilmore, Roland Kirke.

OLIVE BLAIR, Teacher.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

A cast of excellent caliber was gathered to support Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall in their latest First National co-featuring vehicle, "MAN CRAZY."

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Madge Bellamy, Fox Films star, in "VERY CONFIDENTIAL," a sparkling comedy-drama of modern life directed by James Tinling.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Many famous Indians, who were prominent in the early history of the state of Wyoming, are seen in Tim McCoy's new western film drama, "WYOMING."

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

TAMWORTH EXM. RESULTS.

Easter examination results at Tamworth Consolidated School for Room II. are:

SR. III.—Muriel Hunt, 938; Dorothy Tucker, 802; Lawrence Card, 516; Teddy Courneya, 496.

JR. III.—Lorne Kirke, 859; Marguerite Woodcock, 797; Keith Currah, 797; Harold Kirke, 791; George Murphy, 704; Grace Stinson, 700; Freda Wagar, 678; Aileen Murphy, 642; Scott Gilmore, 641; Grant Storring, 634; Robert Kirkpatrick, 595; Evelyn Courneya, 563; Herbert Kirkpatrick, 630; Oren Moss, 510; Mildred Schoolcraft, 490; Madeline South, 426; Tommy Watters, 396; Helen Kirkpatrick, 298; Gerald Courneya, 253; Lawrence Palmer, 131.

SEEDS = SEEDS

"Whatsoever a Man Soweth that shall HE ALSO REAP."

Good seed produces good crops for good gardeners.—Poor seed produces poor crops for all gardeners.—No gardener can afford to have poor crops.—No farmer can afford to sow poor seed.

FOR GOOD GARDEN SEEDS

—TRY—

Perry's Grocery, - 'Phone 130

Create an Account With Your Victory Loan Coupons

VICTORY Loan Coupons will mature on the first day of next month. Clip your coupons and use them to open a Savings Account with us. Then the money your Bonds earned will in turn be earning.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
Manager, Napanee Branch
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Every Town Wants Industries

Every industry, be it large or small, adds to the progress and prosperity of any community. Every such industry brings new capital to a town, and distributes this among the business men generally in the way of wages and salaries. Everybody benefits.

Among local industries there is none of greater importance in any community than that of the local home newspaper. Not only does it provide employment for a certain number of workmen, but it offers a service to the community which could be obtained in no other way.

In their own best interests, therefore, business men should use their local paper for purposes of advertising, and also for the procuring of their requirements in PRINTING. All business men need printed matter of various kinds from time to time. Remember your local printing office when in need of printed matter.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

CAMDEN EAST LADIES' AID.

The regular meeting of the Camden East Ladies' Aid was held on April 3 at the home of Mrs. A. P. Scott. There was an attendance of seventeen members and two visitors. The meeting was opened by the singing of hymn 230, "There Shall be Showers of Blessings," followed by the Lord's Prayer, repeated in unison. Our president, Mrs. B. Yeomans, read from Luke, Chap. 16, verse 1-13. The treasurer then gave her report, showing a balance on hand.

The committee elected to look after the quilt patches gave their report.

It was then decided to buy Canadian hymnals for our own use. A motion was made for the treasurer to pay a small debt on the flower fund and another minor account.

Three suggestions for the flower fund were made and approved and a copy of these rules are to be given to Mrs. H. Peters, secretary-treasurer of the flower fund. A ten cent social is to be given soon, the proceeds to go to the flower fund.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Hyland, Mrs. Geo. Scott and Mrs. A. Scott for their hospitality and a hearty clap of hands testified our congratulations to both Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Scott, it being their wedding anniversary. The meeting was closed by singing hymn 191 and the Mizpah benediction closed the meeting. Refreshments were then served.

ENTERPRISE.

The Enterprise Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Guy Fenwick on Friday last.

Our president being absent through illness, our second vice-president, Mrs. George Fenwick, Sr., presided over the meeting, which was opened by the singing of the song, "Our Institutes." The minutes of the last meeting were read and the business on hand attended to. Nearly every member present gave an interesting answer to the roll call, "Irish Jokes," which caused a great deal of merriment. Instead of an Irish joke, Miss Reid gave a humorous Scotch reading, which all enjoyed very much.

Some of the members who were unable to attend the "apron tea" held in February, sent in the belated aprons, helping to swell considerably the funds received on that occasion and three new members were received.

A paper on "Living Life to the Best of One's Advantages," by Mrs. Oliver, was read by one of the members. The paper, which was an excellent one, was listened to with great interest.

Among many interesting thoughts were the following: "That what to one person would be an advantage, to another might be a stumbling block or curse. This would be especially true of the possession of money.

"When the great advantage of living in a Christian country such as Canada, where the sanctity of the home is upheld and education compulsory. Many long for more education, travel or money, thinking that these would help them lead a much fuller life, but our life work consists, mainly, of homemaking, and we should make the best use of such advantages we have, letting the other division of life be that of contentment."

It matters not how long we live. How soon the sand runs in the glass.

It matters only what we give Of service as we pass.

What happens to us cannot count The poignant grief, the blow that stings;

What counts is just how we surmount And how we face such things.

"We may do very little well— And few of us will reach our quest, But all that we attempt will well If we have done our best."

After some enjoyable community singing the meeting closed as usual.

Grandiose Highway.

Town planning and extension of Paris to the northwest will be given an impetus if the ambitious scheme receiving consideration is carried through of building a motor road from Nanterre to Carrieres-sur-Seine. The distance between the two places is six miles.

The project is to construct a straight avenue seventy-five yards wide having two one-way motor roads, two tracks for cyclists, footpaths for pedestrians, flower beds strung along like pearls and under the roadway a subway.

France has good motor roads, certainly the best on the continent, says the Christian Science Monitor, but nothing of the character of the one now proposed.

Mechanical Chess Player.

An amazing "mechanical man" that plays chess and automatically responds to the moves made by its human opponent has been invented by a Spanish mathematician.

Almost human in its actions, it can even detect an opponent if he attempts to cheat, for it stops working as though disgusted with the player.

Although this automaton cannot play a high game of chess, it works perfectly with half the usual number of chessmen on the board.

Electric Cure for Colds.

Colds can be treated by applying electric heat to the inflamed interior of the nose.

Electric current is sent between metal plates at each side of the nose, so that the inner membranes of the nose and not the skin receive most of the heat produced.

Several remarkable successes have been reported after a few minutes of this treatment.

Airplane Has Central Heating.

Central heating is fitted to a new airplane built for use in Newfoundland "spotting" seals. It is possible for the pilot to dispense with gloves when flying.

The Gibbard Furniture Shops were closed on Saturday, affording the employees a week-end holiday.

The many friends of Mr. D. H. Lasher, Roblin, will be pleased to know that he is doing as well as can be expected, after a very serious operation in Kingston General Hospital on Monday.

The Town Council, at a special meeting, made a grant of $100 to the Napanee Poultry Association to aid the Association to purchase coops for use at the Lennox Fair.

A pail of water costs nothing in Canada as a rule, but the trouble of dipping it up. Put out your camp fire and help save Canada's diminishing forests. Twelve million dollars worth of timber is being burnt up every year simply for lack of a few pails of water at the proper time.

A cigarette butt is not out when you throw it away, unless you know it is out. That's the only safe rule to go by. Millions and millions of acres of good pine forest would be available for better logs than are generally available today, if smokers had always practised that safe rule.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He resoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Ps. 23.

A BIBLE LOVER.

BOOZE VS. BUSINESS.

One of the leading merchants of Timmins, who has been in business for many years, in a two-page advertisement, printed in red and black, announced a mammoth sale, with price reduction on all goods in his store. He gave two reasons for the sale, first, the adverse conditions of the stock markets owing to unseasonable weather; second, the overflowing business done at the government liquor store located close to him. The second reason is a most striking one, and one which should serve to remind merchants everywhere of the cold fact that when money is spent on liquor it goes into the government's coffers and is no longer available for the purchase of life's necessities while it also leaves the town never to return.

No doubt the liquor store is doing a big business in the important and growing town of Timmins, but sooner or later the merchants will find that it is taking money out of their pockets and out of their town, and they will rebel.

Yes, the Timmins merchant has two reasons for his sale, one affecting almost every merchant everywhere, and the other only in places where liquor stores exist—and the number of these places is becoming legion—Bowmanville Canadian Statesman, Feb. 9, 1928.

Place of a Million Skulls.

A railway passing through a place of a million skulls is now in course of construction beneath Paris.

Drills and hammers are pounding a way through the famous catacombs to make a new line that will relieve the congested traffic in the southern part of the city.

The bones of the dead have been placed here for centuries past, and secret meetings of criminals, and even of religious cults, have been held here from time immemorial.

The catacombs were originally hollowed out as a quarry, whence building stone was extracted. They were used later as a depository for the skeletons taken from disused Paris cemeteries on which buildings were erected. The skulls were built into pyramids and the bones were laid in such a way as to form walls.

The Almond Harvest.

Few people realize the great trouble taken in the cultivation of almonds. They are the most important crop of the island of Majorca, where many varieties are cultivated, and the industry is so prosperous that an old olive tree die they are replaced by almonds.

When the almonds are almost ripe they are knocked off the branches by long bamboo poles and then picked up by women and children. The nuts are separated from the husks after drying, and the shells are then broken by hand or machinery and the kernels extracted.

Horses' Skulls "Amplifier."

An old superstition that horses' skulls improve the acoustics of music-rooms is revived by the discovery in a seventeen-hundred-year-old house of between thirty and forty horses' skulls arranged under the floor boards. The house was that of a family of noted musicians.

World's Worst Diet.

The letter "S" stands for the diet that is ruining health by causing dental decay, rickets, scurvy, stagchy, and solely synthetic foods have been found guilty by Dr. A. Livingston, consulting dental surgeon to the London Hospital. Dr. Morrell, who declares that they are the best media for the cultivation of microbes.

Peril lies in soft foods, and biscuit and milk that "Little Willie" eats at bedtime, because this type of food is going to ferment all night and result, months later, in tooth decay. Microbes get into the nerves, which hurt, but they also invade the blood, and this may not be discovered.

As the poisons spread, tuberculosis glands are developed. Hospital treatment may pull the patient round, but the deleterious effects will have spoiled the youngster's physique for life.

What U. S. Newspapers Use.

The twenty-two thousand newspapers and periodicals in the United States using newsprint consume three million tons, or, for every working day, a strip of paper thirteen feet wide that would encircle the globe.

A "Language Island."

In Russia there is a "language island," where about a million and a half German-speaking people form a community founded in the first case by Catherine the Great.

World's Largest Volcano.

Kilauea, in Hawaii, is the largest active volcano in the world. The crater is three miles across.

OUR WAR WITH TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

A traffic accident does not come as a shock and horror to all the people at one, but only to an individual or to a family or business group. Consequently public effort towards prevention has not up to the present been a great inclusive direct movement of all the people, but has been conducted as a delegated duty by professional administrators and by voluntary agencies created and put forth for that purpose.

It must be apparent to any thinking person that the accident problem cannot be cleared up, even to a point where there is a satisfaction in effort, until the whole people are aroused and there is an organization including everybody to combat it.

Don't take left-hand blind corners at high speed. Even if you hug the right side of the street, you must remember that you may meet one, who, on his wrong side, is taking the corner in the opposite direction. If you must speed, buy a racing car. Those things are built especially for people who have nowhere to go and who want to get there immediately if not sooner. Usually though, the trip is suddenly abbreviated by the undertaker.

When passing over wet pavements and slippery roads, avoid sudden turns and spasmodic applications of the brakes. Remember that skidding resulted in the invention of curbings and that a skid is the uncontrollable feature of a car which is synonymous with jumping from a cliff in two jumps. When you feel the rear end of the car starting to slide, turn the front wheels quickly in the same direction that the rear wheels are taking and don't touch the brakes. The car will right itself if you follow these directions.

Don't forget that on many country roads the car, when driven at high speed, leaves behind it a most unpleasant cloud of dust. You would not feel particularly well disposed towards anyone who wantonaly smothered your smartest clothes in dust and dirt.

Don't drive over wet streets and roads. A mole full of water may not mean much to you, but to the pedestrian who receives in his face the water ejected from the hole by your tire, it is a matter of moment, usually of indignation. Remember the time a taxi spattered you with mud.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

COMMUNICABLE DISEASES

There is a fairly large group of diseases which are called communicable—Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Whooping Cough, Pneumonia, Tuberculosis, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox and Chickenpox, to name some of the more common ones in this country. They are given this name because of one outstanding and important characteristic. They are all spread from one person to another, from the sick to the well, and usually the spread is fairly direct.

The reason why these diseases are communicable is that they are all caused by disease germs. Disease germs are so small that we cannot see them without the aid of a microscope; for that reason they are called microscopic. They live, grow and multiply just as truly as if they were many times bigger. It is the transference of these living disease germs from the sick to the well, which accounts for the spread of the communicable diseases. Each of the communicable diseases is caused by its own special germ. The disease germ which causes Diphtheria never caused any other disease, and no other disease germ ever causes Diphtheria.

Disease germs do not grow in nature outside the human or animal body. They may exist for a time, but they do not grow and multiply. Some germs are harder than others, but sunlight kills them all in a short time. Bad smells are offensive and we do not want them, but bad smells do not cause communicable diseases. Such diseases are always caused by disease germs, and because of this fact the spread of disease germs die comparatively quickly outside of the human body. The spread is practically direct from the sick person to the well. The spread of most of them is by the transference of the germs directly from mouth of the sick person to the well by coughs, sneezes, kissing, fingers soiled with saliva, or common eating and drinking utensils.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

The Sea-Horse's Secret.

Anyone who has seen a sea-horse at the Zoo must have wondered how this quaint creature can rise vertically in the tank simply by the use of one tiny fin.

The same problem is receiving the attention of Air Ministry experts, who are developing a powder-driven, weight-carrying apparatus that will rise straight up from, and descend in, any quite restricted space, and that will come to a standstill in mid-air without falling. It is also thought that the fin-shape of the sea-horse might help towards the design of the auxiliary surfaces of a vertical-flight air machine.

A Russian airman-inventor is preparing to build a man-carrying "bird" of featherweight metal alloys. The wings will be flapped and receive a "feathering" motion by apparatus worked by the pilot's arms and legs.

Facing the most serious crisis of our business career

GRAHAM CO.

ENTIRE $20,000.00 STOCK ORDERED SOLD FORTHWITH AT ONCE, IN A CLEAN SWEEP

Close Out!

This magnificent storeful of high grade Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings cast to the four winds at price reductions that will make merchandising history in Napanee. Every article marked at rock bottom prices in order to sell out quickly —Come, see for yourself

Don't Miss This Sale or You'll Regret It!

Read every item, they're all money savers. Hundreds of other bargains

SILK TIES
A good range to choose from at..... 39c.

MEN'S FELT HATS
New Styles
New Shades
New Stock
2.49

MEN'S WORK SHIRTS
Strong, well- made Shirts—going at..... 69c.

MEN'S WORK PANTS
Extra well made, All sizes at..... 1.49

MEN'S BAL. COMBINATIONS
Extra quality Balbrigan Combinations at..... 98c.

15 DOZEN SHIRTS
All sizes, good cloths and neat patterns at..... 95c.

QUALITY HOSE
A wonderful assortment of silk, all wool hose at..... 49c.

MEN'S CAPS
Good patterns. We are clearing them out at..... 49c.

MEN'S HATS
A special lot of Men's Hats to clear at..... 98c.

MEN'S WORK SHIRTS
Regular $1.50 value. All colors, all sizes at..... 89c.

MEN'S PANTS
Fine quality cloths. Extra well made. All sizes..... 2.69

MEDIUM WEIGHT COMB'S
Extra good quality combinations—real values at..... 1.59

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS
Reg. to $20—33 to 38
Men, here is your chance to get a corking good every day suit at a give away price. Come early they will go fast..... $5

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS
Reg. to $20—33 to 40
Good serviceable suits at give away prices. Tweeds that will give you all kinds of wear. Come and get yours now..... 8.95

FINE QUALITY TOP-COATS
Values to $22.50
Savings of $12.50 here, men. If you need a top coat don't miss seeing these. All sizes. Extra good quality cloth—new models 10.95

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS
Reg. to $25—34 to 40
A splendid range of good tweeds and worsteds, well tailored—Up-to-the-minute in style. They will go fast at this price..... 12.95

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS
Reg. to $27.50—34 to 40
This range contains one of the finest collection of quality suits in tweeds, worsteds, blues, etc., you have seen in many a day..... 18.95

BOYS' SUITS
A real range of Boys' Suits. All sizes Going at..... 3.95

BOYS' COMBINATIONS
Good quality. All sizes. Given away at..... 29c.

BOYS' BLOUSES
Boys' Shirts and Blouses clearing at..... 39c.

SPECIAL !
Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers at..... 49c.

MEN'S SHIRTS
A real range here, men. Extra good qualities at..... 1.39

BOYS' HOSE
Extra quality hose— All sizes. Going at..... 19c.

MEN'S GLOVES
Men's Fine Kid Gloves in tan and grey at..... 89c.

BOYS' BLOOMERS
Strong, well made Bloomers—real value at..... 89c.

SPECIAL !
Fine quality shirts and drawers. A suit for..... 98c.

ATHLETIC COMBINATIONS
Get yours now, men Extra fine quality at..... 89c.

MEN'S SWEATERS
Good heavy all wool Sweater Coats at..... 1.98

BOYS' SWEATERS
Heavy all wool Sweaters. Real value at..... 1.49

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Successors to Graham Co.

Dundas Street NAPANEE, ONT.

Let nothing keep you away.

OUR "PLACE IN THE AIR"

Other Nations May Talk About Airships and Airplanes, But British Flying-Boats Come First.

Both where air power and commercial aviation are concerned, the future belongs to the flying-boat. This may seem a bold prophecy, but it is the opinion of many of the experts, says London Answers.

The two largest passenger flying-boats ever constructed in England have just been built on the Medway and will probably be followed by others. Then, four great flying-boats recently made a 25,000 miles cruise in the East. This cruise, which has been described as "the most ambitious Service flight" yet undertaken by the Royal Air Force, will provide an effective answer to those who are concerned about Britain's "place in the air."

Already we are leading the world where flying-boats are concerned.

Why are the champions of these craft so confident about them? What are their advantages over airplanes? If, as some authorities have suggested, we ought to concentrate on flying-boats, we must have an answer to these questions.

In the first place, says this writer, it seems more natural for Britain to develop the flying-boat than the land machine. Living on an island, we have peculiar facilities for doing this —facilities that no other country possesses in the same degree. Then, too, the natural air routes from England to other parts of the Empire lie largely over the ocean.

Second, the flying-boat can fly over land with less risk than an airplane can fly over water. This is being realized to an increasing degree, especially in view of the number of airmen and passengers who have lost their lives in attempting long-distance overseas flights in land machines during the last twelve months.

Flying men, indeed, now hold the view that such flights, if undertaken by airplanes, don't help the development of aviation at all, and the Australian Government has prohibited any long overseas flights except in seaplanes, amphibians, or flying-boats.

Especially on certain routes, then, flying-boats are likely to be extensively used. Before long they may be in regular service between Marseilles and Cairo and Calcutta and Rangoon, as links in a great London to Australia air route are specially suited for flying-boats. Ultimately, too, there will doubtless be a flying-boat service across the Atlantic.

Third, it is possible to pay far more attention to the comfort of passengers and crew in building a flying-boat than it is in building an airplane. This seems to indicate the former craft as the ideal type for long-distance passenger flights.

For instance, the flying-boats which took part in the Far Eastern flight recently were Service machines, and therefore not constructed primarily for comfort. But the crews lived on them very comfortably indeed. Hammocks and collapsible bunks are provided for sleeping; there are special arrangements for keeping down the temperature in the hull—an important matter in the tropics — and hot meals can be prepared while in flight.

In passenger machines still more attention could be paid to comfort as the new all-metal passenger flying-boats show. They have luxurious accommodation for fifteen passengers, but experts believe that similar craft could be built capable of carrying 100 or 150 passengers, and giving them ample space.

It would be difficult to secure this with a land machine. An airplane of this size would be extremely awkward—if not almost impossible—to handle and house. Even the most skilful pilot would be hard put to it to effect a landing with such a craft without overrunning the aerodrome. A forced landing would be a nightmare.

With flying-boats the case is different. Their airdrome would be the sea, and on and over the sea the largest of them could move with confidence and safety.

The Eskimo.

The Eskimo, under a proper form of administration, will become a valuable asset to Canada in the fur industry, according to John L. Forman of the Hydrographic Survey. Mr. Forman thought that within a brief period of time there would be established in Canada's far north a number of small towns which would be necessitated in large measure by the development of the fur industry. His opinion concerning the Eskimo was based on observations of the manner in which natives of Greenland have progressed under Danish rule up to a point where they are really able to take their place among the other more advanced people.

N. S. Farm Settlement Act.

The Nova Scotia Government is introducing the Nova Scotia Farm Settlement Act for the purpose of establishing new settlers. This provides for special assistance to applicants who have been residents of Nova Scotia for a period of ten years or more, the maximum loan for land being $4,000 and for stock and equipment $1,500. Special provisions of the act cover the settlement of British and Scandinavian families.

Pheasants for Alberta.

One thousand pheasants, and possibly 2,000, will be imported by the Calgary Fish and Game Association this year to be liberated on the prairie and in the foothills. Five thousand dollars, the cost of 2,000 birds, is to be raised by the association.

"Never-Fade" Flowers.

Changing in hue from mauve to grey as it grows older, a new carnation recently shown in London is claimed as "never-fading."

A Cuban Building.

Cuba will erect a building for Cuban exhibits at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

To Build Three-Masted Sailing Yacht

W. J. Roue, of Halifax, noted yacht designer and naval architect, has been entrusted by a New York man with the designing of the largest three-masted sailing yacht ever built in Canada. A Shelburne firm will have charge of the construction. The dimensions of the vessel are: 155 feet long with 30-foot beam; draft 16 feet and motive power 350 h.p. Diesel engine. The craft will be fitted out with electric refrigeration, winches, heating and ventilation, and will cost approximately $100,000.

The Plow Woman

(Continued from page 3.)

Ah'll pepper his ugly hide. Ah'll make him spit blood like a broncho buster. Th' idee o' his havin' th' gall!" He rammed the Sharps into its rack and laughed immoderately.

"Oh, pa!" expostulated Marylyn in a startled whisper and flew to Dallas. Her face, still pink from slumber, paled a little. She laid it against her sister. Long ago she had seen her father roused to the same pitch. The sight had terrified her and blunted some earlier and tenderer memories.

"You gi'e your clothes on," he ordered roughly, "an' rustle us some breakfas'."

She retreated, ready for tears.

Dallas walked up to him, gave him his crutches and put a hand on his shoulder. "Dad," she said firmly, "don't take out your mad on Marylyn. Keep it all for—him." She nodded south toward Brannon. "That's where it belongs."

"Dallas, you plumb disgus' me," he retorted. "Talkin' soldier when y' know Matthews could buy th' hull kit an' boodle with a swig o' whisky!" He shrugged the fort with a crutch.

"What do you think of doing, dad?"

"Ah'll fin' out where thet cuss was las' night—Charley 'll help me, y' see!—

"And then?"

"Ah'll see thet—thet Oliver knows o' this, thet he keeps a' eye on thet dog goned"—

"But it'll be easier just to go straight to the captain—not I, but you"—

"Yes, do, pa," urged Marylyn. "Oh, Dallas, what's happened?"

The elder girl told of the pole and the boosting, treating them lightly. Then she came back to her father, to find that her argument of a moment before, for all its short cut logic, had set him utterly against the plan he had himself proposed. Revenge, it was for no man's help, but for a vengeance wreaked with his own gun. Hurling a final defy toward Shanty Town, he disappeared behind the partition.

No breakfast was eaten that morning. The section boss was too angry to taste of food. Marylyn was too frightened and Dallas had no time, for she was busy with the mules, carrying them and putting them before the wagon. "Can't help what you think about it this time," she said when her father asked her where she was going. "I've made up my mind that if you won't say the fort, why then I'll have to drive to Clark's for Mr. Lounsbury. We don't know for sure what that pole meant. We must ask."

"Aw, you ain't got a smitch o' pride," he taunted jealously. "Goin' t' Lounsbury. Waal, waal! You think a heap o' him, don' y'? More 'n you do o' you' father! Thet sticks out like a sore finger."

"No," she answered simply. "I'm putting my pride in my pocket, dad. I'm going to Mr. Lounsbury because I care so much for you and for Maryllyn. And I want to say something—I hate to say it—you've almost discouraged me about Brannon lately. We came here to raise stuff to sell over there. But I can't see how we can sell over there if we won't even speak to a soul. It looks as if we're going to give all that up—as if a lot of my work is for nothing."

It was a new thought for the section boss. And while Dallas disappeared behind Betty he pondered it with hanging head. She came around soon to hitch Ben's tugs, when her father looked up somewhat calmly. "Ah'll tell y', Dallas," he said by way of compromise, "ef Lounsbury don't came back with y' "—

"He will," assured Dallas stoutly.

"Wy, we'll go t' th' fort, as you say."

"All right, dad," she replied, giving his back a pat.

He began to hobble up and down. "You ain't scairt t' go?" he ventured at last. "Ain't afeerd o' nothin'?"

"No, and I'm going on my own hook, remember. It's not your fault."

"Y' kain't think o' no other way"—

She paused in front of him. "Can you?" she asked.

He could have sworn, but there was something in her face that forbade it. "No—no," he said explosively and so snatched her determination with his abt stubbornness.

He left her and, taking the rifle and all the ammunition there was, seated himself on a bench placed just outside the door. There he was—a pitiful sentinel—as she circled the shack and reined.

And now another question was presented: Should Maryiyn stay or go? Dallas was for her remaining, so that in case of need help could be summoned—from somewhere. Maryiyn sided with her. And it was long after ward, when many things were made clear, before the elder girl understood her sister's action—one that seemed so contrary to what the younger one felt But their father opposed them both and vehemently.

Dallas upon the wagon seat, prepared for her long drive, had softened and touched him. She bore herself so bravely. She was so respectful and concerned.

"You take Maryiyn," he insisted. "an' the pistol. Ah c'n git along fine by myself. Charley 'll be comin', an' Ah'll hang on t' him. Ah reckon between us we'll be O. K. Sides, y' know, Ah got a weasel's tail."

The mention of Charley won Dallas to her father's view. He would not be alone all day, for the outcast would surely appear. On the other hand, she hesitated to have Maryiyn with her, where she could shield her from cross words and possible harm. "We'll have Mr. Lounsbury with us coming home," she said.

At that Maryiyn waxed still more eager to remain. And it took some pleading to overcome her reluctance and to bring about her consent. Finally, however, the two girls drove away.

Before she started the team Dallas climbed down to say goodby. In all their lives few caresses had ever passed between father and daughter, and those had been during her babyhood But now, moved by a common impulse, each reached out at parting to clasp the other. And there were tears in the eyes of both.

As the wagon trundled out of earshot that one of the trio least consulted in the affairs of the shack was hard beset by a temptation—to tell Dallas about Lieutenant Fraser and his errand, oft repeated promise of protection. But Maryiyn hesitated, afraid to speak—no less afraid of her sister than of her father. She realized that if she mentioned the officer she would have to admit their meetings. And such a confession would undoubtedly result in an end to those meetings and perhaps in severe blaming. Yet—it would also cut short the drive to Clark's. And what might not be awaiting them on that journey? Still there were only two like dangers—Indians and the interpreter. "But Mr. Fraser says this upper side of the river's safe," she remembered. As to Matthews, he would not dare to venture inside the road to waylay them. Her fears for her own safety were thus argued down.

There was yet her father's safety to consider. Well, her visit and new friend would look after that. "He'll be across again this afternoon," she thought, "and he'll watch the house careful. He couldn't do any more if he knew about the pole." So, her conscience satisfied, she decided to keep her own counsel. That decision cost her abundant grief and penitence in the months to come.

While Maryiyn was busy with her troublesome problem a similar one was running in Dallas' brain, where it called for calculation. Would Matthews threaten the shack that day? It was scarcely probable. He had given the best hours for an attack. There fore the wagon must return before night. But could Ben and Betty make Clark's and the return trip before then? So far they had done well. The previous summer the drive was begun at dawn, when dawn was at 3 o'clock. "We'll just have to bike along," she said aloud to Maryiyn. Into the cooley sild the wagon, its long tongue in the air, the loose tugs hitting the mules in the back. When the team had scrambled up the farther side Dallas put them to a trot by a belt of trees that screened her. She bent forward over the dashboard, her eyes fixed eagerly on that distant brown blotch at the eastern ridge top But Maryiyn at they drew away took to regretfully backward. Where a clump of tall cottonwoods, shaking their heart shaped leaves in the wind, dappled a flower studded stretch below the coulee mouth.

Rod by rod the mules climbed the gently sloping prairie. The morning was perfect and belied in its beauty even a suggestion of lurking harm. The air, crystal clear and exhilarating, brought far things magnified near to the eye. On every hand shimmered the springing grass, now a pale emerald with the wind brushing it, again in the still places a darker green and yet again under the ravine's fringing willows, where the deer nibbled, a cool black. Out of it the meadow larks showed their good luck waistcoats and ripplid their tunes. Out of it countless wild roses smiled up pinkly to the sun.

But all the lovelliness of the new day only mocked at the lonely girls in the wagon. To them the gray sands of their desert home, the blistering "northers," the brassy skies, were unconsciously synonymous of safety and peace. More than once as they pressed on the old, red painted section house rose before them, a very haven.

Behind, the squat shack was gradually lessening in size. A jutting corner had already shut from view its crippled sentry.

There was little conversation. Maryiyn for a time could not dismiss the subject that had confronted her at the start. Finally, however, she put it aside impatiently and let herself drift in a pleasant current. And Dallas—her thoughts were also hurried, for at her home dropped mile by mile in the distance and she was forced to meet the question of what she would say and do when she arrived at Clark's her feelings underwent a curious change. It had been easy enough in the excitement following her discovery to contemplate a meeting with Lounsbury. But that excitement having dwindled not a little the idea of seeing him and of talking to him mounted in proportional importance. She saw herself drawing up before his store or standing just within as she related her story. She saw his face, the blue eyes, full of fun—and she had not met him since that evening! Her heart began to thump with the picturing. Its pounding kept up her throat and down again. Want of food was giving her a sensation of weakness and sinking. But this seemed also to be the result of mental and not physical suffering She was torn by a desire to retreat.

Then darted through her mind the remembrance of Maryiyn's midnight confidence. It was a blow on a wound. She glanced at her sister entreatingly. And what she fancied she read in the other's eyes instantly altered the desire to turn—made her send the mules forward at a better pace. Maryiyn was sitting stiffly upright, bracing herself with her hands. Her head was on her look was eager and fixed There was a smile on her parted lips.

"She's happy about seeing him," thought Dallas and was overwhelmed by a sense of her own guilt.

A diversion soon came in a horrid guise. The road reached the coulee again, bringing close the giant cotton woods, where the Sioux dead were lashed, and the girls, glancing toward the trees, suddenly caught a glimpse of long, wrapped bodies.

Maryiyn edged toward her sister "Oh. I hope it'll be light when we get here coming back," she whispered, shuddering.

"We won't be alone," answered Dallas reassuringly.

The coulee was deep and dark at that point and full of great cotton woods From the boughs that cradled the braves came uncanny flutterings as the wind shook loosened scraps of the sleepers' covering. The dead seemed to be moving slowly upon their bier boards and waving an imploring summons to be freed of the thongs that bound them. Overhead was full cause for fear. Floating on motionless wing with bare necks craning hungrily, circled black watchers.

"They say," whispered Maryiyn watching nervously behind—"they say the Indians are scared to come near these trees—they do still—on 'em dies. I don't wonder. It gives me thshivers just to see that bunch."

Dallas drew the whip across Betty. "A dead Indian's not dangerous," she said, smiling. And forgot to ask Maryiyn where she had heard the story.

Six miles were gone. But the way ahead was still long, the brown blotch at the ridge top was still only a blotch. And the team was fast tiring. When Murphy's Thrust was reached Dallas drove out to the left, watered the thirsty pair at a slough and ate with Maryiyn the long deferred breakfast. After that they went at a better pace for a time. Soon, however, the road became steeper, and Betty slacked up The sun was high now and unpleasantly warm. So the wise old mule merely bumped her back as Dallas applied the lash and doggedly refused to increase her speed.

It was noon when the wagon approached the summit. It did not rest there a moment. Behind was spread out a wonderful landscape. The Missouri threaded it quarteringly; the western bluffs wailed its farther edge to the sky. Its eastern boundary was the ridge over which the wagon was rolling. From this undulating line the verdant land slipped down and down and down—to the fantastic turnings of the river. But the girls, peering back upon it through a haze that was softly blue, were wholly indifferent to its beauty. They sought and in vain for a remote dot that might be the shack—the shack they had left at the end of a still unswerving road.

And now they went forward again. The scene on the farther side of the summit was newer than that on the other, but did not rival it. Short coolees had given to the bluff slopes long flutings and spilled small rivulets upon the plain. Yet, barring these and a lake that sparkled, a round sapphire, on the right, there was superb uniformity. Not a house, not a bush, not even a nubbin of rock, varied the view. And not a herd of cattle! To the south moved a score of yellow animals—antelope. But these and a villain of saucy prairie dogs were the only signs of life. The land dropped away by imperceptible degrees. As imperceptibly it melted into a mellow sky.

Dallas and Maryiyn were each intent upon Clark's, lying far ahead and to the left, a dun colored line which seemed scarcely to get nearer as the time went. But after an hour their patience was rewarded, when the dun colored line resolved itself into two and they saw the cow camp—a narrow street flanked by low shanties of canvas and board.

Again Dallas and Maryiyn were absorbed, each with a mental conflict. The younger got fidgety, then petulant and began to complain of thirst. For once the elder girl showed scant sympathy. She was hurriedly planning some new speeches.

At the southern end of the camp their destination was made plain to them by a sign reading "General Merchandise." It was nailed above the slip of a large building that stood midway of the street. Looking to neither side, they made straight for it.

When the team came to a stand before the store the girls saw to their surprise that the door was shut. They waited. A minute passed. No one came out. Then Dallas climbed down and knocked. There was no answer. She waited again. Finally she tried the knob. It resisted her effort. From within came the rattle of a chain.

"It's locked." She went back to Maryiyn. The two looked at each other. Over the younger's face swept a flush of relief. But Dallas had forgotten her dread of seeing Lounsbury in a keen disappointment at finding him gone. She glanced anxiously up and down the street.

It was deserted and still. Dallas climbed back to the seat. "Maybe he's at the fort," she said encouragingly. "We'll drive home quick. There's a lot of it downhill." She clucked to the team.

At that moment the door of a nearby shanty opened. A man came out, waving a letter. "Say, hello!" he bawled. "Say, you want your mail?"

Dallas checked the mules.

"I got a letter for you," he went on. It was Al Braden of Sioux Falls.

Dallas gave Maryiyn the reins and reached for the letter, noting that the rent estate man did not doff the floppy hat or make any swinging bows.

"A letter?"

"Yep, from Lounsbury. I told him I was going to hoe back down to the bend—but I didn't." He snickered.

"Where's he gone?" she asked, slitting the envelope with shaking hand.

"Dunno," answered Braden. He was leaning on a wheel now, surveying Ben and Betty with a critical and somewhat disdainful eye, for each was hanging upon three legs to rest a fourth. Presently he glanced up at Maryiyn, and his eye lit impudently. "Dunno," he repeated. "You're his girl. You ought to know."

But Dallas did not hear him. She was scanning a page closely written and addressed to herself.

"A telegram has come calling me home (ran the letter). It says my mother is ill—seriously ill"—and I am afraid it's put that way to hide something worse. It is the only thing that could take me out of Dakota now. But I am not leaving you unprotected. Before I left Brannon I arranged to have Matthews watched every hour of the day and night. And he is the only thing that might make you trouble, for if the Indians get nasty I know Oliver will insist on bringing you in. Still, I shall worry terribly till I get back. I wish I could write all I would like to. But it would be what I have already told you—you will understand."

Thus it ended.

Dallas thrust it into the pocket of her skirt, took the reins and lifted the blacksnake. Ben saw the threatening movement from behind his bridle blinds. He sprang forward. The wheel rolled from under Braden's elbow.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" he growled. "Ain't you going to say ta-ta?" He strode along at the tailboard, mounting up at the two in an attempt to be friendly. "Maybe you'd like company going home," he said. "Lonely trip for girls, specially when they ain't got a gun." He gave Maryiyn a bold wink.

"Thank you," replied Dallas shortly. "We don't want company—and we have got a gun." She lifted the pistol from the seat.

Braden fell behind. "Stop and drink some beer anyway," he called. "Got some in here. You mustn't be mad at me because Johnnie's mamma sent for him. Come back!"

To this no answer was made. Dallas gave the team a few smart cuts. The wagon rumbled out of the street.

And now began the return journey. Five hours had been required in reaching Clark's. Ten minutes had been wasted there. Another five would be passed at the first clear water. But allowing for the team's faster pace when they were headed for home and for twelve miles of down grade, they should not take more than four hours to reach the bend. Twilight would be settling then.

Dallas drove the return thus—but it was soon plain to her that sunset would find them miles from the shack. Poor feed, with the plowing and the harrowing, had thinned the mules. After the first short they paid no heed to the whip and fairly crawled. Maryiyn, tired, gave way to passionate complaining. Dallas folded a blanket in the bottom of the wagon and coaxed her sister to lie down upon it, her face shielded by the seat. To further dishearten the elder girl Ben and Betty showed signs of sore footedness. Guided out upon the grass they travelled better.

It took three precious hours to gain the summit. The afternoon was then far gone. Across the wide valley dark clouds were piling upon the western range. They smiled to Dallas and augured the day's early closing. When the Throat gaped alongside, the fleecy horizon had rolled still higher, and beneath it the setting sun showed through like a harvest moon, blood red.

Swiftly the day withdrew and the stars came out. Then the breeze lulled and a mist rose from the coulee's wooded bottom. From it came the tremulous call of an owl. Dallas slipped to her feet and wielded the black snake vigorously.

The mules shot forward for a wagon length. The sudden jolt awakened Maryiyn. She got to her knees—and there were the cottonwoods with the laden boughs!

"Spunky little sister," encouraged the elder girl and helped the other to the seat.

The road was so dark now that it took on the aspect of a standing man, who was no sooner overridden than he rose again in the lead. This was a beginning for all manner of fears. Dallas fought her own. But she could not conquer them, for they enlarged enormously and changed to a premonition that ran riot.

Listening and watching, she had suffered the previous night. Yet that suffering was nothing compared to the agony that stole into her heart and held it—till she forgot Maryiyn's presence. She seemed to see a figure skulking through the dusk about the shack. It entered the lean-to and crouched in hiding. She saw it come forth again, keeping close to the logs. Its eyes shone in the dark.

Her father was beside the door, where she had left him. He was gazing straight ahead, as if he expected the enemy to approach only from the front, as if he had no thought of treachery. His figure was relaxed wearily. His face was drawn. But his eyes—like the other's—were strangely luminous.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

YOUNG GIRLS SUFFER MOST

These Two Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.—"I have been troubled for three years, and at the end of the time I was in bed. I was tired and have no appetite. I was a skin of bones, one month, too, having pains in my back and sometimes I was bloated. I was losing. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I heard many women telling good it was so I thought it would help me. And it did. Now I take six bottles every year and recommend it to others."—DONALDA FANTEUX, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.

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He stole along the outgoing tracks.

Ah, the figure was creeping toward him noiselessly step by step!

"Go in! Go in, daddy!"

The cry was torn from her, though she strove to keep it back. The strain of the past night and day was telling. Frantically she begged Ben and Betty to hasten. Knowing home was not far, they obeyed her voice and presently were getting back in their collars to block the descent of the wagon, were splashing through the backwater at the coulee crossing and jerking their load out upon the level. Eastward the shack stood out dimly in the starlight. They made for it at a trot.

But all at once they stopped and began stepping this way and that, as if ready to leap the tongue. Dallas and Maryiyn recoiled, forsaking the seat for the shelter of the box.

There was a moment's wait in a stillness as vast as the prairie. The mules, aided to the left, shifted their long ears nervously. The girls listened, the younger shielded by the elder's arms.

Then across the bend from the deserted houses of Shanty Town sounded the long, soul chilling howl of a dog.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ambushed.

A BROKEN crutch lying close to the shack on the river side, a blood bespattered pane in the window just above, a rifle ball imbedded deep at a gun's length beyond the house—these were the traces that on the following morning gave an inkling of a deadly clash.

Squaw Charley found them when the day was yet so young that no human eye but those of an Indian could have used its scanty light. Four raps upon the warped door had brought no answer. Loudly repeated, they had set the wooden latch to shaking lonesomely. Distrustful, he had entered and groped about the dark room. Table and benches were in place. The blankets hung before the bunk. To one side, rolled up neatly, was the mattress upon which Dallas and Maryiyn slept. But nothing else met his expectant hand and foot. Next he had visited the lean-to, where he felt his way carefully from stall to stall, discovering no occupant. Then he had gone out to pry around the yard and lit upon the marks that told of the struggle.

The absence of the wagon was a clew. He stole along the outgoing tracks, between which small, circular and cleanly cut hoofs were the hoof prints of two mules. Near the coulee crossing the tracks ran into others and fresher ones that diverged sharply into the corn. The hoof prints between the two pointed eastward. He forsook the outgoing and turned back across the field.

At first the course of the wagon puzzled. After veering north until the horses turned the team had made along the brink, keeping perilously near it. Farther on, at the upper end of the plowed strip, the direction abruptly changed. The mules had swung back to the right upon the open prairie, traveling straight for the middle of the gap. So far they had gone at a furious gallop. Now, however, they slowed to a walk, when the course no longer pursued. To that point it would be this way for a few feet, then the other —proof that Ben and Betty had fed.

Squaw Charley halted. The horizon was faintly yellow. Upon it was a moving object, which presently took the clearer form of a wagon and span. He set off, his loose hair whipping at his back. The team was also travelling rapidly. Behind was a reddish following that lowed in protest of the speed.

When the mules came by Dallas was standing at the dashboard plying the lash. Her face was ashen, her eyes

He stole along the outgoing tracks.

were hollow. She did not see the Indian, nor her gaze was upon the shack. He swung himself into the rattling box. There lay Maryiyn, still in the grasp of the stupor that had bound them brain and body through the night.

Before the mules brought up at the lean-to Dallas was over a wheel and tottering in quest of her father. Out of the shack as she searched it sounded her plaintive cry: "Daddy, daddy, where are you? Oh, daddy, daddy, come back!"

Squaw Charley, bringing Maryiyn in, found the elder girl kneeling behind the partition, her arms thrown out to grasp the vacant DEAD.

Let the last lond down gently; then, unbidden, rushed through the door for Brannon.

When Captain Oliver arrived with Fraser, a surgeon and a detachment of mounted men Dallas was seated in the doorway, rocking Maryiyn against her breast. She looked up dry eyed as he hurried to her.

She'd broken. "How could they hurt you, dad? Oh, the land wasn't worth it, the land wasn't worth it!"

Something to quicken life in Maryiyn was the first thought. Then food and drink were given the girls. Meanwhile the troopers were sent out under Fraser to range the bend and beat the coulee.

Oliver stayed. But to his questions Dallas, her reason tottering like her steps, could only return others that were heartrending:

"He'll come back, won't he? They wouldn't kill him? Oh, you don't think he's dead?"

"W-'ll find him," said the captain. He was pitiful in his regret. This tragedy was striking home to him as even the Jamieson fajture had not. His long, sad face was more like a walrus' than ever.

"Mr. Bond said we'd have good luck here," she went on despairingly. "But there was danger by night, wasn't there? There was danger"—

"She's knocked silly," Oliver murmured to the surgeon. "The child doesn't know what she's saying."

"You're right. Clean disunted," was the answer. "But I'll straighten 'em both out by noon."

A long hallop summoned the captain to the door. A group of men were gathered in the swale between the shack and Shanty Town. Fraser was among them. Oliver signaled, and the young officer wheeled and came galloping in.

"What is it?"

"Old man's gun, discharged, out there in the grass"—

"Yes?"

"And two sets of footprints coming and going across that bit of low ground. One set looks about two days old and was made by boots; other is newer and made by moccasins."

"Ah!"

"There's something strange about these last. Coming this way one moccasin is so light you can hardly see 'em, going back they're plain way down."

"Carried a load, eh?"

"It looks like it." Oliver mounted and they rode off to the swale.

Noon was past when the captain called them back and the shack. He found the surgeon gone, but his promise fulfilled. Food and medicine had gone far to revive his patients physically. Tears had mercifully combined with returning strength to right their minds.

This time the elder girl met Oliver with no incoherence, but with brave quiet. All her self command had returned. She asked him in and showed a tender forethought for Maryiyn by sending her out into the sunshine and the garden before she listened to what he had to tell. When he was done she began her story with the finding of the pole.

"Redskins!" he exclaimed.

"Boot marks were around, though," she said.

"Are you sure? I wish your father had asked my advice. I feel as if I had come short in my duty."

"Please don't," she entreated. "You see, we thought we could tend to it—long 's we knew who it was."

He turned astonished eyes upon her. "Knew!" he exclaimed. "Well, for heaven's sake out with it then!"

"Matthews—he wanted the land."

"The interpreter? But last night's tracks were made by mocassins. There's one Indian free"—

She let him go no further. "It's not Clark," she declared. "Matthews meant us to think it was Indians. Moccasins are easy to get."

"That's true." He frowned. "H'm! Well, I shall inquire into his whereabouts directly. Go on, please." And the captain fell to studying the figures on the Navajos.

Outside Lieutenant Fraser was passing the shack. He rode on to the corral, where he flung himself off his horse.

"Maryiyn, Maryiyn!" he said tremblingly. "You poor girl! I'm so sorry. What can I say? It's my fault."

She lifted her head face to his. "No, it's mine," she answered. "If I'd told Dallas about you we'd never 'a' gone to Clark's"—

"Thank goodness you did! But if your father had known about me—if I could have come to the house. I must after this. We'll tell your sister about us now. Come on."

She shrank back in sudden fright. "No, no. Don't you see? She'd think it was awful I didn't say something yesterday."

"Why didn't you, Maryiyn?"

She looked down. "You don't know Dallas. She don't like soldiers any more'n pa. She said so, and she'd"—

"Oh, I think she does," he argued. "Now, let's try her—let's make a clean breast of it."

Her hands came out in wild imploring. "You won't, you won't, you won't," she begged. "Don't you understand? My keeping still was just as if I'd killed pa! Oh, it was! So I can't tell—now!"

"Maryiyn"—

"Promise you won't; oh, promise you won't" And she went down, crumpling like a little unbearable heap.

Quickly he lifted her. "Well, we won't tell her, then; not if you don't want to, but we'll have to some day."

"Some day—maybe—but not now."

"All right, then; not now." He led her from garden to coulee and back again, trying to comfort her all the while as best he could.

"You see, Maryiyn," he said, "you're wrong about its being your fault. It's mine. I promised Lounsbury I'd look after you folks."

She stopped short. "Did you tell him about you and me?"

"No."

"Oh!" She was relieved. "You mustn't, either. Not him or any one."

"I don't see how I can ever look Lounsbury in the face again," he said bitterly.

Whereupon she straightway began to comfort him.

At the shack Oliver and Dallas had arrived at the question of future safety.

"I must insist," the captain was saying, "upon your coming to live at the fort. I cannot spare a permanent guard for this side of the river—a escorting party up and down once a day is about the best I could do. We have our hands full already."

"Live at the fort"— Her lips tightened a little. She got up to walk. She was thinking of the cold stares, the "Ahs," the "Ohs and the laughter of the post ladies in their bowling ambulance; the nudges and the grins of the passing musicians, and "there's also room at the fort when there's good lookin' gals in the fambly."

She shook her head.

"You love your sister," he reminded. "Think of her."

"I am thinking of her. I'd go to the fort if there was danger. But—answer me honest—outside of what's happened here, do you think there's really any danger?"

"From Indians, you mean? Well, I'll tell you—this was a complete surprise, a shock to me. Because so far we haven't seen a sign of the hostiles beyond that signal in the spring. North of here, at Lincoln, they've shown themselves. But they're largely concentrated in the northwest to meet the troops."

(Continued on page 7)

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We Have the Best Grades of
RED AND WHITE CEDAR SHINGLES
Always in Stock
The Most Lasting Roof.
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Mountains Splendor Open to Motorists

Upper right—The swish of the fast waters of the Kicking Horse River harmonizes with the throb of the engine. Lower right—Every curve of the road reveals a grander beauty such as the undisturbed magnificence of the Minnewanka Lake. Upper left—The highway is fringed with thick woods as shown in this scene, looking towards Castle Mountain.

A new 24-hour motor detour of 142 miles along perfect motor roads through the Canadian Rockies is announced by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which states that the trips will run every day in each direction from either Banff, Alta., or Golden, B.C., beginning on June 15 and ending on September 5. By this detour a traveller can leave the train either at Banff or Golden, stay the night at Lake Louise, and continue the motor drive next morning, rejoining the train that afternoon.

This new motor road, built by the Canadian Government through Rocky Mountain, National Park and Yoho National Park, is a very magnificent one. At one point it rises to a height over a mile above sea level, while at the highest point it is nearly three-quarters of a mile higher than at its lowest level. Nearly forty mountains tower in the vicinity of the road, and gigantic glaciers, roaring rivers, deep canyons and primeval forests abound. Wild mountain game are also met with in abundance at the roadside.

Motoring in the Canadian Rockies is the tourist's keenest delight, more especially after a railway journey. For this reason a schedule has been drawn up for the season of 1928, to coincide with the arrival and departure of trains at Banff, Field or Golden.

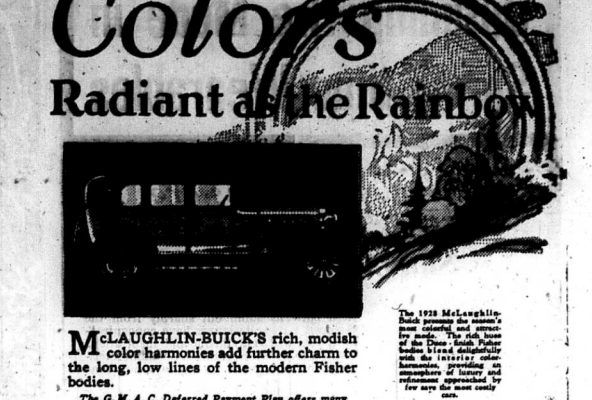
The large touring cars used for this trip are commodious and comfortable, with facilities for handbaggage. Johnston's Canyon, 16 miles from Banff, is the first stop made going west. Here the creek cuts through high rock walls and is spanned at intervals by tiny rustic bridges, reminders of Japanese prints. The canyon is deep and cool, and the walk of 30 minutes is delightful.

Lovers of nature should rise early at Lake Louise to see the coloring on this gem of mountain lakes, for the glaciers and high peaks are diffused with superb shades of rose and gold. A beautiful spot on this trip is Wapta Bungalow Camp, a veritable village of camps nestling on the shore of Wapta Lake—the source of the Kicking Horse River.

The Yoho Valley is beautiful beyond imagination, a virgin country unscarred by fires. Takakkaw Falls are at the end of the valley and come tumbling down in a lacy pattern almost 1,500 feet. The Yoho Camp is a few hundred yards away. Emerald Lake, seven miles from Field, is a vision of sylvan loveliness, and a Swiss chalet adds to its attractiveness.

From Field to Golden the highway follows the Kicking Horse River most of the way and the scenery is spectacular, the road hugging the mountain-side, with the river 700 feet below.

Colors Radiant as the Rainbow



The 1928 McLaughlin-Buick presents the season's most colourful color-scheme ever made. The rich hues of the Duco finish Fisher bodies blend delightfully with the interior color-harmonies, creating an atmosphere of luxury and refinement experienced by few save the most costly cars.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK'S rich, modish color harmonies add further charm to the long, low lines of the modern Fisher bodies.

The G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan offers many advantages to buyers of McLaughlin-Buick cars.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK 1928

ROBT. McFARLAND,
Dealer, - Napanee, Ont.

M-24286

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT—McLAUGHLIN-BUICK WILL BUILD

Twelve Thousand See Hockey Final

The final struggle at Montreal for the Railway-Telephone League championship, after all the teams of the two railways had been eliminated, narrowed down to a tussle between the Bell Telephone and Northern Electric. The telephone sextette repeated their triumph of last season by a 5-0 victory. The great Forum on St. Catherine Street, Montreal, held over 12,000 spectators for the final game

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

Copyright, 1926, by McClure, Phillips & Company.

(Continued from page 6.)

"Then there's no danger from Indians?"

"Still, there might be, and I want you to come. Frankly, I've omitted to tell you of one disquieting report that has reached us. After the recent battle on the Rosebud one of the warriors of Crazy Horse was captured by General Crook. The prisoner said that within a day's ride to the west of here our—and your aged friend!"—

She stopped him, lifting her hands to her face. "Not him!" she whispered. "not him! Oh, he was so good to us, captain!"

Some time went by. Meanwhile she walked about the room in silence. Her lips were trembling.

"You'll come?" he said.

"When you're sure"—she spoke with difficulty—"the Indians are going to make trouble I will. But—but I think I'd rather stay. I made dad a promise once. I'd hate to break it—now."

"Your father didn't like us, I understand. I'm sorry. And of course you feel that you should keep your promise to him. Well, I can send a convoy with you to Bismarck."

"We haven't a cent. You see, I'm counting a heap on my garden."

"Oh—we would get something together for you."

She flinched. "No, I wouldn't like that. And dad'd hate it worse than if I broke the promise. Besides, I'm going to pay back B troop."

"B troop! My troop? What do you owe B troop?"

"Why, B troop's been sending us its surplus rations."

"You sure?"

"Well, the sutler said so."

"I think there's a mistake. B troop has had no surplus rations."

"Had no"—she began, amazed.

"Must have been the sutler's own stuff."

"But he wrote"— From between the leaves of a book on the mantel she produced a folded paper.

"Or some one else's," went on Oliver.

She had been about to hand him Blakely's letter. Now, as if struck by an idea, she put it back into the book. When he turned her eyes were swimming.

"It likely was 'some one else,'" she said.

"God bless you anyway! To think of such a thing in the midst of your worry! Even if you did owe B troop it would vote you its full rations and be proud to go hungry. Please think again about Bismarck for the summer."

"I can't give up the claim, captain. I want to know what happened—I want to be here if—if dad comes back."

"But aren't you forgetting that, Indians or no Indians, there's danger from this secret enemy?"

"Secret enemy," she echoed; "secret enemy! Go to Bismarck is just the thing he wants to see us do. You heard what he did in the winter? Well, he came again yesterday. He saw the wagon leave, and he thought it was a good chance to move in."

"Move in?" rejoined Oliver. "If that was all, why did he bother about moccasins?"

"You're right!" she cried. "He meant to kill!"

And now as if some great hidden spring of feeling had been touched she came round upon the officer, defiant, resolute and undaunted.

"Maybe I'd 'a' gone before. I'd go this minute for Indians. But that man! He's had his price for this claim; he's had his price. Now, the bend belongs to me, and I'm going to stay."

The captain bent toward her. "Too risky, too risky, Miss Lancaster," he advised, "unless we get the man. For how could you ever do any outside work"—

Dallas interrupted, intrepid spirit ringing in her voice.

"Get him or not, I'll stick it out all the same. And my outside work—I'll plow and I'll plant just like I used to. But this time I'll do it with a gun."

CHAPTER XXV.

A REE scout scoured every foot of ground leading up to the shack. He trailed the mules, the squaw, the troopers. He followed those moccasin prints that came across the draw and went again. He found the last behind the lean-to, along the side nearest the coulee, on the back fire strip in front, and declared they had been made by a white man.

Two circumstances pointed strongly to the truth of this—the body had been carried away in the direction of Shanty Town; a white man would have taken so much trouble, not an Indian, who would have left his handiwork for all to see. And again, when Shanty Town was searched one of the huts was found to contain evidence of late occupancy—scraps of food that were not yet stale and in a rusty stove fresh coals. But though the coulee, the road, the prairie and the timber edging the river were all faithfully scanned one thing concerning the murderer's doings remained a mystery. At Shanty Town the traces of him began and ended. But how had he reached Shanty Town?

Old Michael furnished the clew of time. He related how he had heard the crack of a gun to the eastward the previous evening, "about th' ind av th' furst dog watch."

Captain Oliver stayed until the last red had been traveled and the last stone turned. Then he was ferried to Brannon. On landing he went at once to the wife of his colonel, who had vacated her home when the command left and was now living with Mrs. Martin at Major Appleton's.

"Mrs. Cummings," he said, "the old man on the bend is missing. It looks like murder. His two girls are left, orphaned and heartbroken. They need a woman's comfort, ma'am. Will you not go to them, and will you find a woman to stay with them for a few nights?"

"Oh, how very sad!" exclaimed that lady, then turned away as if suddenly perplexed. "I—I—really don't care to go myself," she went on, when she had given his request a moment's thought. "I know these country people—so touchy and tactless, always ready to think one is patronizing them."

"One usually is," retorted the captain sharply. "Then I must ask somebody else."

"One of the troopers' wives would probably be glad to go."

"You are evidently quite mistaken regarding these young women," declared Oliver, with some heat. "Mrs. Oliver will think differently."

"Really, I haven't thought of them," she answered petulantly. "But why, may I ask, don't they come to the post?"

"They prefer to stay in their own little home. In their present trouble and grief it is particularly dear to them. Would be to any one."

"I think it odd, captain, that they should choose to stay over there alone. Can—can they be—eh quite nice?"

"Madam," replied Oliver sternly, "they wish to do what would please their father. They wish to be independent."

"Ah!" Mrs. Cummings threw up her head.

"And let me say that I heartily commend them," Oliver fairly roared. "They are made of the stuff of our forefathers, who pushed their way into the wilderness. Their spirit is the spirit of the frontier." With which, bowing and fuming, the captain stamped out.

Mrs. Oliver, a motherly chunk of a woman, thought very differently. Work and babies she consigned to a thrifty trooper's wife and in a jiffy plumed on a bonnet that had stood various seasons. "I'll be back in the morning," she said, with a kiss for each of the seven. Then, stuffing a tidbit or two into the wide pockets of a duster, she hastened away.

Captain Oliver meanwhile had cleared the front room of his progeny and summoned the surgeon, Lieutenant Fraser and Matthews.

Matthews came at last. As he entered the three men were struck by a curious change in him. He was erect and somewhat soldierly in his bearing; he had let his hair grow until it rested upon the handkerchief knotted about his throat, while his dress now aped also of buckskin, fringed the length of the arms and belted at the waist like a hunting shirt. A vest of longer conealed his revolvers. His weapons were at his side, like a trooper's. In one gauntleted hand he held a wide gray hat.

"You want to see me, cap'n?" he asked, meeting that officer's look squarely.

"Yes," answered Oliver shortly. "I demand an exact account of your time for the past thirty-six hours, beginning with the evening after the departure of the command. I need not tell you why I ask this, and I make no apology for asking. There are reasons for your wanting that old man over there out of the way. You attacked his house in the winter during his absence, when two defenseless women were at home to repel your attack. That lays you open to mistrust. I may add that Lancaster's eldest girl regards you as her father's murderer."

As Oliver talked his woebegone face had grown fierce and dark. Now he rose, lifting clinched fists. "Murder," he cried, "under my very nose and against a household that I had sworn to guard! Speak, Matthews, speak!"

Matthews screwed up his mouth thoughtfully and looked into space. "Beginning the ev-ning after the command left?" he said. "Let me see. Why, I sin't crossed since the colonel left."

"Account for your time," repeated Oliver.

"I messed at Blakely's that night. Afterward me and Kippis had a little game."

"What game?"

"Cards."

"Ah!" At once Oliver sent for the sutler and the sergeant and, waiting for them, tramped up and down. When the men came he halted and with pointed finger asked Matthews to repeat his story. The interpreter did so.

"And how long did that game last?" demanded Oliver.

Without looking in Kippis' direction the interpreter answered, "Till revelly," he said.

Fraser grunted, the surgeon smiled broadly, but the captain frowned.

"Of that, later," he said significantly. "Kippis?"

The sergeant stepped forward. "Hit's hall true, sir," he faltered. It was Kippis' misfortune always to look more guilty than he was. With Oliver's angry gaze upon him he flushed redder than fire.

The captain was only half satisfied. He turned to the sutler. "And you, Blakely?"

The sutler had a round, jolly figure—a figure that was a living advertisement of the fat producing quality of his edible wares. At Oliver's question that figure gave a startled bounce, like a kernel of corn on a hot grid. "True, sir, true," he vowed huskily and coughed in apprehension behind a plump hand.

The captain looked keenly from man to man. "Very well," he said. Those twelve hours accounted for, Matthews was shown innocent of planting the pole. "Tell me what you did yesterday from revelly on."

"Slept till stables."

"I know that's so," said Fraser.

"After that?" Oliver asked.

"I goes into the stockade. Little Thief was carving his bride."

The captain glanced at Fraser. The latter nodded back.

"I remember," said Oliver slowly. "Then?"

"Cards till revelly."

The listening officers laughed.

But there was no softening of the captain's face. "Who played with you?"

Matthews indicated the sutler and the sergeant by a sideways move of the head. "Them two," he answered.

"Blakely?"

"True—true." And Blakely gave another bounce.

"Sergeant?"

"True's far's I know, sir."

The thirty-six hours were now covered. Oliver sat down. "That'll do. I want Squaw Charley and the men who were on duty at the stockade since the command left. Matthews, you may go."

Matthews bowed, Blakely and the sergeant saluted and the three withdrew. Outside, beyond hearing, they exchanged congratulatory shakes of the hand.

"My, but the dander!" breathed the relieved sutler, rolling his apple round and round. "I was that scairt!"

"Make you happreciate the K. Ho. w'en you got 'im," returned Kippis sagely.

Matthews shrugged his shoulders pityingly. But he had nothing to say.

The three gone, Oliver had turned to those with him. "A complete alibi," he said.

"I knew it," said Fraser. "But I wanted you to get it first hand."

"You knew?"

"Yes, sir. And I hope you'll be easy on Kippis. He and Blakely have been helping me keep tab on Matthews to prevent the very thing that's happened."

An hour later a second group of men gathered in the captain's front room. These were the troopers for whom the commanding officer had asked. With them came Squaw Charley, quaking in his feathers, flinching at every look. As Oliver appeared the wretched Indian was half dragged, half pushed before him.

The examination was short. The sentries who had tramped the high board walk vouched for Charley's constant presence in the stockade throughout the whole of the required time. The guards at the sliding panel lent corroboration. From sunup till taps of the previous day Charley had feasted at the fire of one of the scouts, Forty, Afraid-of-a-Fawn, hanging over him the while. Both nights from taps on he had watched outside the lodge occupied by the bride and an Indian girl.

Captain Oliver crossed to the bend to tell Dallas his results. "Matthews has witnesses who know where he was every minute of the time," he said. "Undoubtedly he had no active part in this affairs."

"He knows about it, though," she answered.

"That would be hard to prove."

Before he went the captain proposed certain defensive improvements for the shack. She accepted them gratefully. Later a carpenter nailed thick cleats across the warped door, and the post blacksmith put bars of iron over the eyes of the shack.

At nightfall a detachment landed on the east bank, divided and went on a scout in opposite directions. It was only part of Oliver's plan of guarding, for he did one thing more—spoke plainly to Matthews in regard to the bend.

"I advise you to relinquish all claim to the Lancaster place," he said. "I shall allow no warring on girls."

Matthews gave his promise.

During the first few days that followed Marylyn's heart beat pendulum-like between grief and dread. It was grief when in a moment of forgetfulness she found that she had set the table for three or when, missing her father sorely—for in the past year he had been much with her—she spoke of him to Dallas. At such time, with sweet impartiality, she mourned him as sincerely as she had mourned her mother. But at night, when the detachment came back from its scouting, she felt a terrible dread—dread lest the hunt had been successful and the troopers should ride across the prairie to the shack door bearing something solemnly home.

Those first days past, however, the sharp edge of her sorrow, together with her fears, wore gradually away. She had the elastic spirit of eighteen, and she was impatient of this new heartache, which possessed none of the romantic qualities of the old. A doubt of her father's death, fostered by Dallas, grew until it became a conviction. He had been taken away or he had fled; he would return. Meanwhile, though nothing could have induced her to leave the shack after dark, it fretted her sorely that in the daytime she was not permitted to go as far as the grove.

That restriction was the only hardship that the elder girl allowed the younger to bear. Dallas believed that their father had come to mortal harm, but she never shared that belief with Marylyn.

"We got to keep a stiff upper lip, baby sister," she would say, with an encouraging pat. And her smile was always hopeful and cheering.

Mrs. Oliver came daily and spent her time with Marylyn. She did not feel that Dallas needed buoying—Dallas, quiet, self poised and stanch. Yet all the while the elder girl was growing wan under the strain, for having given generously of her strength there was no one from whom in turn she might take. And so her thoughts came often to be of the one who had faithfully watched over them, how faithfully shown by the fact that catastrophe had followed swift upon his leaving. And in her heart she cried out for him.

The tragedy on the bend furnished a nine days' wonder for Brannon, but the garrison felt little grief over it. Lancaster had earned their dislike by insults open and veiled and by his determination to cut his family off from every friendly influence. The enlisted men were even inclined to treat his disappearance facetiously. When they heard about the pole they declared that in his fright over it he had fired a shot, cut a finger, broken a crutch and "lit out." One wag announced that the section boss was mired in some alkali mudhole; another, that he had been bitten by a polecat; a third composed some doggerel lines in which Lancaster was described as having gone "over the range." Notwithstanding this the troopers had deep sympathy for the bereaved girls.

Oliver, never too popular, they scored roundly for his treatment of Matthews and vowed to the latter that he had ample grounds for walking off and leaving the whole shooting match, but Matthews gently chided them, reminding them that any moment an interpreter might be badly needed. Furthermore, he said, he would disregard the unfaithless shown him, for he knew his duty.

Brannon was still asking who and why and how in the Lancaster affair when Squaw Charley discovered and showed to Captain Oliver the testimony that had in some way escaped the scout. Under a willow clump on the beach before Shanty Town was a well defined mark in the sand, V shaped, long and quite deep. It was the mark left by the prow of a boat that had been pulled out of the water and hidden at the river's edge. It was almost certain proof of the route taken, going and coming, by Lancaster's assailant.

But no absolute facts were unearthed. As the days slipped by this cruel one became apparent—the section boss, with his wild outbursts of anger, his implacable hatreds, his suspicions and his tantrums of jealousy, was gone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ACROSS the sky, a pale shining ribbon, stretched the Milky Way. The braves in the stockade were watching it, their faces reverently upturned. They set before their lodges in silent knots of two or three or stood apart here and there, shrouded in summer sheets of dressed cowskin and motionless as statues. When they moved, it was to draw heavily upon a pipestone bowl and waft the incense of kinnikinnick toward the glimmering strip overhead—the sacred road that leads the Sioux to the happy hunting grounds.

One moon had passed since the signal smoke arose on Medicine mountain. In that time, though they had fasted and prayed, not a crumb of hope had come to feed their languishing spirits. Truly it seemed as if the pled buffalo were bringing them more than a generous share of ill luck. The interpreter told them only evil news that all but sixty of the pony soldiers had gone to hunt and kill Indians. As for the distant peak, from it had curled up no news at all.

They gambled no more. They spoke no more of the captive white women. The four condemned brooded in their wigwams, with eyes gloomy, with hair unkempt. Among the squaws, but discontent was working. They greeted even those who brought them rations with black looks and menacing gestures. And all—warriors as well as squaws—got up with the sun and paced along the log walls like prisoned animals, wearing a deep rut into the earth.

Throughout the winter they had been contented enough with their lot. In no other winter had they enjoyed such freedom from labor and care, such health, comfort and abundant food. But now —the grass was growing high. The new leaves were opening. The willows were in bud. The wild fowl were back and nesting by the river and slough. In lonely ravines the antelope kids were bleating—proof that it was the killing season of the pronghorn. And here the village was yet shut in a pen—like pigs!

"I demand an exact account of your time."

To be Continued.

425 Below Zero In Berlin.

The coldest spot on earth is a new laboratory in Berlin to study strange changes that take place in substances exposed to temperatures as low as 425 degrees below zero — within about eight points of absolute zero! This is done by liquifying helium gas under high pressure, the following it to expand, explains the Popular Science Monthly.

At such a temperature some metals, such as silver and copper for example, lose their resistance to electricity, becoming super-conductors. A thread of frozen mercury, it is said, can carry enough electricity for several hundred lamps.

Paving Streets With Steel.

Steel plates may be used for paving future streets in big cities. This is to save periodic repair, which, as towns grow larger and busier, becomes more costly and troublesome.

Steel would be an ideal surface, since rubber has now largely replaced metal for vehicle tyres. Pipes and electric lines could be laid beneath removable plates, thus saving the cost of digging up roads.

A 300-Ton News Mill.

A 300-ton news mill produces sufficient paper for 8,000 sixteen-page newspapers every minute, this paper is made at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Outlining the Mode in Spring-time Wearables

Printed Patterns are Very Pronounced in Summer-time Fashions

In the drama of Fashion, fabrics play a major role. In dresses for summertime wear, printed patterns stand out sharply from the crowd by reason of their smartness. Here designers have concentrated all their energies and here you will find thrills and inspirations galore. Inspiring ideas for summer sport dresses—for summer teagowns—for summer travel frocks—for summer dresses for every conceivable occasion.

Our piece goods department has assembled a magnificent assortment of these fashionable printed fabrics in the very newest designs and colors. Among the new weaves,—

Printed Celanese Weaves—Priced from 95c. to $2.75 yd.

Printed Silk Crepe-de-chine—Priced at $2.95 yard.

Printed Cotton Crepe—Priced at $1.25 yard.

Printed Georgette Crepe—Priced at $2.95 yard.

Printed Silk Foulards—Priced at $1.95 yard.

Printed Cotton Foulards—Priced at 95c.

400 Yards of Canadian Gingham On Sale Saturday, April 14th

Choice of a wide range of Patterns

15c. a Yard

The value here is exceedingly advantageous, as the materials are of good quality and are in fast washing colors.

Patterns come in small checks and neat plaids. Colors are most desirable, in attractive shades of Blue, Grey, Green, Mauve, Pink, Orange, Yellow.

These Ginghams measure 32 inches wide and are ideal fabrics for fashioning women's home and porch dresses, girls' school dresses or aprons. See window display.

Boys' Tweed Caps

In Bobby Lee and Lindy Styles

Prices range from 75c. to $1.00 Each

A collection of Caps that is truly remarkable for their variety in pattern and color. Featured in light colored Tweed patterns, light in weight, but strong and desirable in construction. Each is equipped with a non-breakable peak.

Women's and Misses' Spring Coats

Tweed Top-Coats rank as one of Spring's First Fashions. They are absolutely indispensable to the motorist or sport's woman.

They are exceptionally exclusive, as each and every coat is different from its neighbor in pattern and color.

Straightlines prevail, with tailored effects much in evidence—others exploit fur cuffs—several have detachable fur collars—narrow leather or self belts register high as smart trimmings.

The present collection in our Coat Section is exceptionally comprehensive, your every requirement has been anticipated and provided.

We invite your inspection.

Priced from $13.95 to $49.50

Canadian Department Stores Limited

READY TO SERVE YOU

Stocks are Complete In Every Department

Excellent Values in Beautiful Rayon Lingerie Bloomers

Bloomers $1.29 Pair. *Vests $1.00 Each*

We consider these garments the finest Rayon values in Canada. The price is no criterion of the exquisite quality, which is fine and even of weave.

The garments themselves are cut in ample proportions, neatly tailored and perfect in fit.

Obtainable in the following shades : Madura, Crabapple, Powder Blue, Honeydew, Orchid, Blush, Nile.

Pure Thread Silk Hose--Special at $1.00 Pair

Four Good Shades

Your hosiery budget should welcome this exceptionally attractive hosiery value. Because it offers you a pure thread silk stocking, fine in weave and strong in texture at this very popular price.

Besides being excellent value, these stockings possess a good appearance, discriminating women are bound to endorse them.

In shades of Ivory, Sandalwood, Moonlight, and Iris Mauve.

Sizes 8½ to 10.

Men's Tweed Top Coats for Spring

PRICED FROM $15.00 TO $24.50 EACH.

These Spring days create within us a real urge for lighter weight wearables, in Top Coats especially. We have prepared a very splendid assortment. Every man is catered to—advanced styles for younger men—conservative styles for older men.

All are tailored with infinite care, the highest standards of tailoring has been maintained in their construction.

In fact, these are good coats that will appeal to a man's sense of good taste and refinement.

Fashioned from neatly patterned and thoroughly reliable Tweeds in shades of Grey, Brown, Fawn, Taupe.

We invite your inspection.

PERSONALS

Dr. Leslie Lewis spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Mrs. Burritt and Mrs. McNaughton are spending Easter at Atlantic City, N.J.

Miss Laura Rockwell and Miss Aylsworth are attending the Easter meeting of the Ontario Educational Association in Toronto.

Miss Leah Sherwood, New York, is spending Easter with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Allison.

Mrs. W. S. Whittington, Marysville, spent Saturday in Napanee.

Mrs. Root, Brockville, is the guest of Mrs. J. G. Daly.

Mrs. W. E. Loyst and Miss Helen are spending the Easter vacation in Washington, Philadelphia, Atlantic City and New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. VanAlstyne, spent the week-end with her parents at Roblin.

Mrs. M. P. Husband, Empey Hill spent Easter with her mother, Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Mill street.

Miss Hazel Vanalstyne, Clifford, Ont., is spending the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Vanalstyne.

Miss Edna Vankoughnett, Toronto, is spending Easter with her aunt, Miss Emma Vanalstyne.

Misses Marion and Alma Wales spent Easter with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Miss Dorcas Randall, Pittsburg, is spending the Easter holidays with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith, Toronto, spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Elliott, Centre St.

Miss Isobel Matthews spent Easter with her sister, Mrs. Herbert McCabe, Oshawa.

Miss Isabel Wagar, Toronto, and Ernest Wagar, Massena, N. Y., spent the week-end with their mother, Mrs. Ella Wagar.

Mr. Jacob Fretts, Detroit, Mich., spent Easter in Napanee with his family.

Master Jas. Carr is home from Upper Canada College to spend the holidays with his mother.

Messrs. Garratt Taylor, London, and Don. Taylor, Toronto, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Melville Taylor on Friday last.

Miss Muriel Paul, Hamilton, is spending the Easter recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul, Elm Lodge.

Miss Winnie Tavener, Thomasburg, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tavener, South River Road.

Miss Letha Scott is spending the week in Toronto.

Miss Christobel Taylor spent Easter with relatives in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Moat, Toronto, are guests of Mr. and Mrs R. S. Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. John McPherson spent the holidays with friends in Stratford.

Miss McKim, Cobourg, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry Skitch.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davy, Master Teddy Davy and Master Don Caton spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Meggs, at Windsor.

Mr. Wallace Roy, Toronto, spent the week-end with his parents, Mayor and Mrs. E. J. Roy.

Miss Blanche Caton returned to Toronto on Thursday last, accompanied by her sister, Mrs: W. R. Lott.

Mrs. Way, Mr. Clarence Way and son, of Picton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jewell.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould and daughter, Montreal, are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Rennie, Deseronto Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Brockville, are spending Easter with their son, Dr. Duane Hall.

Mrs. R. Vanalstyne, St. Catharines, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. I. P. Huffman.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Charteris and children, of Sillsville, spent Sunday, April 1st, with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Curle, Big Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark and comb, Belleville, spent the week-end with Mrs. Edgecomb's mother, Mrs. Andrews.

Miss Marion MacBride, Toronto, spent the week-end with friends at Robin.

Master Jim Daly is home from Upper Canada College to spend Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Daly.

Master Irvine Hardy, Toronto, spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Taylor.

MARRIAGES

Wilson—Wagar—At Napanee, on Saturday, April 7th, 1928, by Rev. W. P. Woodger, Ralph William Wilson and Jean Nora Wagar, both of Napanee.

DEATHS

Berry—At Capreol, Ont., on Friday, April 6th, 1928, Charlotte Ann Berry, aged 72 years.

Gibbs—At Napanee, on Wednesday, April 4th, 1928, Miss Mary Jean Gibbs.

Long—At Indian Head, Sask., on Monday, April 2nd, 1928, Mary S Long, aged 83 years.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Corkill are spending the week in Toronto.

Miss Vivian McLaughlin is spending the week in Toronto.

Mrs. W. S. Detlor, Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. Burritt.

Miss Mildred Brown, Toronto, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Brown.

Mrs. Edward Vine has returned from spending the winter in Picton with her sister, Mrs. Skillen.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ming, Ottawa, spent the week-end with his father, Dr. E. Ming, M.P.P.

Mrs. L. F. Bogart, who has been spending the winter in Toronto, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Roblin, Adolphustown.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Jemmett and little daughter, Kingston, spent Easter with Mrs. Robt. Mill.

Miss Muriel Shannon, Toronto, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Mrs. J. D. Morse spent last week in Belleville the guest of Mrs. Parker.

Mr. Murray, of the Collegiate staff, spent the holidays in Toronto.

Miss Hilda Daly, Toronto, and Mr. Bill Daly, Kingston, spent Easter with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daly.

Miss Dorothy Roberts is spending the holidays in Kingston.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Did you ever hear of "The League of the Kindly Tongue"? Well, it is a live organization in England and is spreading to the continent of Europe and is organized in the United States. Recently Rev. W. D. Nash, for half a century Superintendent of the Watertown, N.Y. District of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has retired to devote his time in the interes of this society. With the need of thinking in terms of peace being brought before us by the members of the League of Nations, the hour seems a timely one for the people of Canada to give a welcome to "The League of the Kindly Tongue." The object of the Society is to cultivate a wide sympathy with our fellows, and to develop kindly and loving thoughts If we think kindly thoughts, we will do kindly actions and will not be on the lookout for slights. The new league seems a very fine one indeed.

* * * *

Now the girls are getting ready for the soft-ball season. One of the best things about the girl of 1928 is her desire to excel in outdoor sports Give them all the encouragement you can. Many of the Women's Institutes are doing so already and prizes are given to the boys and girls and a crowd of interested spectators is on the field to see them play. Clean sport is a fine thing, but don't stand for anything that is not clean sport. We want our own team to win, of course, but to win fairly. The young people have this in their own hands, they are pretty square and won't stand for anything that does not measure up to the rules of the game.

* * * *

Now the birds are coming back. The bronze grackles, or blackbirds, as they are sometimes called, have been giving their harsh cries and preening their bronze feathers since the latter part of March, and the robins returned in force about the same time, although there is always a robin or two in each locality during the winter. The fox sparrows, the first of the song sparrows, have been back for a week or more, and someone says they have heard a kildeer. Soon the swallows will come back to their bird houses and we will hear a flash of blue and hear a sweet note, that will tell us the bluebirds have returned to spend the summer with us If we have luck we may hear the white throat sparrow call "Canada, Sweet, Sweet Canada" from the top of a tree, and if we have exceptionally good luck we may see him, as we did last year, fly down from his tree top and begin scratching for seeds in the grass. He is such a handsome fellow, reddish brown, with a white throat and a white streak behind each eye and white wing bars He will only stay a few days with us, for he spends his summer farther north in a Muskoka and the Laurentian Mountains, where you can hear his call from early morning until night.

* * * *

Already the cars are flying along the highway. If you have one don't be selfish. There are always people who long to get out into the country, especially in the early spring, people who have not been beyond the city streets all winter. Fill up the back seat. Not always, for there are times when your husband wants to go for a quiet drive with you after a busy day, but there are many days that you can manage to take along a neighbor who has no car and give more pleasure than you dream of, to her.

* * * *

Many Institutes have been enjoying dressmaking and millinery courses given by ladies from the Ontario Department of Agriculture. As well as the pleasure of these courses, there is the satisfaction of wearing a new Easter dress, coat or hat and knowing that you made it yourself, and what's more, you can make more for yourself for the summer. The teachr shows you how to cut your material to the best advantage, how to finish off the neck and how to make the hem even. If it is a hat, she demonstrates the genral principle,as well as showing each person how to make a hat that suits her face. Then comes the final day when all the articles are on view and the effect is charming.

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Mrs. J. E. Mabee, president of the Odessa Women's Institute, who is known for her hospitality to the neighboring Institutes, chose Wednesday, April 4th for entertaining the Institutes of Ernesttown, Wilton and Westbrook as well as the Odessa Institute, at her home in Odessa. She invited Mrs Frederick Etherington, president of the Kingston Local Council of Women, with which three of the Institutes of Lennox and Addington are affiliated, to come out to meet the members of the Institutes and to bring with her several other members of the Kingston Council. The house was beautifully decorated with spring flowers in profusion and it was whispered that the gathering was in a measure to celebrate the silver wedding day of Dr. and Mrs. Mabee. An excellent program was arranged, with a synopsis of current events by an Institute member, an interesting and instructive talk on flower borders, by Mrs. Sirett, of Kingston, and a bright address by Mrs. G. W. McNaughton, Sydenham, on a recent trip to Spain, North Africa and the Holy Land. Mrs. Etherington expressed in a few words her pleasure at meeting the Institutes and spoke of two of the interests of the National and Local Councils, the Society of the League of Nations, and the reduction of maternal mortality. Mrs. W. M. Campbell, convener of the committee of Laws in the Kingston Council, spoke on her subject, in which she was very well versed, and Mrs. L. G. Bogart, Divisional Commander of the Girl Guides of Lennox and Addington, Frontenac and Leeds, gave an account of the Girl Guide movement. Several piano numbers and songs were much enjoyed by a large audience. Afternoon tea was served at the conclusion of the meeting and the morning and afternoon dresses made by the members of the Odessa W.I. judged. They were so neat and pretty that it was felt by the guests that each deserved a prize.

* * * *

It will soon be "Clean Up Week" in your locality. See if you can't do your share to make the town, village or farm a pleasure to look at. A bit of paint, neat fences, if you have a fence, smooth lawns and bright flowers. Already the tulips are up several inches and the crocus blossoms will make borders of purple and gold if they are given a chance to show themselves. We want neat homes for ourselves. Life is much more worth while living in pleasant surroundings, we want them for the sake of the community and we want them to show off to the tourists who will visit us in greater numbers than ever this year. If you have ever motored through the New England States, you will see that the people were wise and kept some old trees near their homes. You rarely see a house without a few big shade trees. We can't put trees back in a minute, but we can plant some for the future and shrubs and flowers grow quickly. Let us make Ontario as attractive as we can by each family doing their share to make a pretty home.

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There is an idea that only a Frenchwoman can make an omelet. Here is the recipe for one that has been made with success by many a Canadian : Take four eggs, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 4 tablespoonsful of milk or water, and two tablespoonsful of butter. Beat the yolks of the eggs well and the whites separately until they are stiff. Heat the pan and put in the butter, being careful to have the sides as well as the bottom well greased. Cut and fold the whites of the eggs into the yolks to which water or milk and seasonings have been added. When the pan is very hot, turn in the omelet, spread quickly and reduce the heat. Cook slowly until the omelet is well set and then set in a hot over for a minute to cook the top. Finely chopped parsley, chicken, ham or grated cheese may be added to this mixture, according to taste, or the odds and ends in the larder.

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